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#3

# QUACK!

DUCKS?!

WHO CARES?

HELP!

**THE  
BEAVERS**  
BY DAVE SIM

SIM  
&  
LEIPOLD





22 March 1977  
Hayward, CA

Welcome again.

Please note that after late June of 1977 that we'll be moving Star\*Reach Productions down to the San Diego area. You'll be informed of an exact address in the first set of new releases after the move. Hopefully our regular production schedule won't be interrupted.

We've been able to put this issue together a bit faster, just three months after the last one. I hope we can continue at this pace.

This is an active month. Along with this issue, STAR\*REACH No. 8 and PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 3 are being released. I'd like to make a particular plug for PUDGE, my personal favorite comic book. One presumes that you're reading this issue because you're out for chuckles and thrills. If so, then you're definitely gonna enjoy PUDGE. Artist/writer Lee Marrs has developed a character universally loved (look, I'm male and skinny as a guitar neck and I identify with her) and presents it in an art style that's all its own. There's nobody in the world who draws like Lee and I'm particularly proud to be publishing this, her great contribution to American folk art.

(See, Stan, see, Jenette, I can lay on the hype as well as anyone!)

When I started writing these editorials three years back I promised myself I wouldn't be so stupid as to publish advance information unless I was sure the news would be correct later on. Well, I've done it. There's no duck story from Frank Brunner this issue, as I promised last time, nor is there likely to be one for the near future. Frank's been waylaid by a maurading Cimmerian barbarian for the nonce and it's more than reckless to guess when advanced silliness will strike him again and he presents his "ultimate duck story".

However, you must've noticed by now that we've got a whole flock of ducks for you this issue anyway, though not quite the way you've ever seen them before. It started first with Mike Gilbert's idea for a "Duck Death" story, then coincidentally Ted Richards came up with this mad-doctor duck (a "quack", naturally) and when Dave Sim submitted his "Beavers" strip, I knew there was a trend here. So quickly I commissioned a cover from Dave and — er — smoothed the feathers of Steve Leialoha (who's originally been cajoled into doing another Rabbit Wonder story for the cover) by allowing him to ink and color the cover, as well as do the back cover.

Scott Shaw and Ken Macklin contribute stories which have nothing to do with ducks, which may be all to the good, considering the treatment they're getting elsewhere in this issue.

Another promise I made myself, broken too many times already, is to keep the deadline pressure away. Well, it's 2 a.m. and this is due at the typesetter's at noon and I need some sleep. See you in three months.



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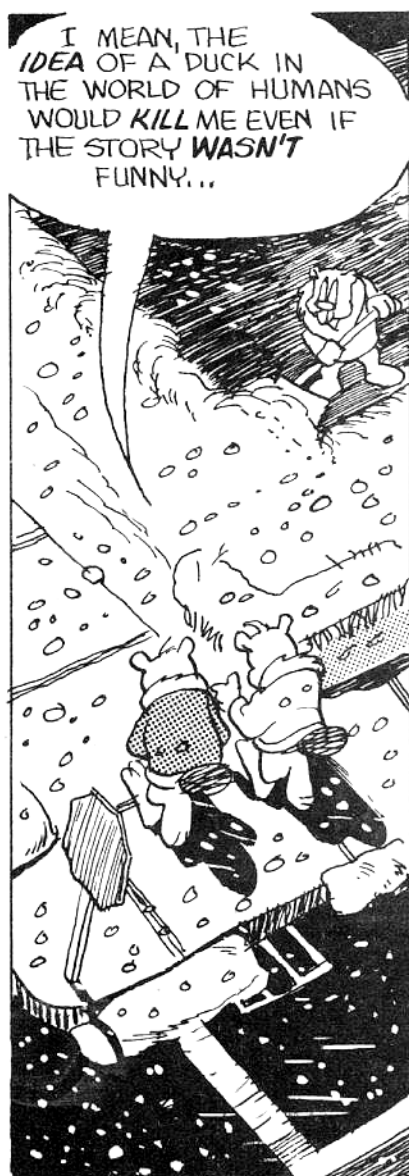
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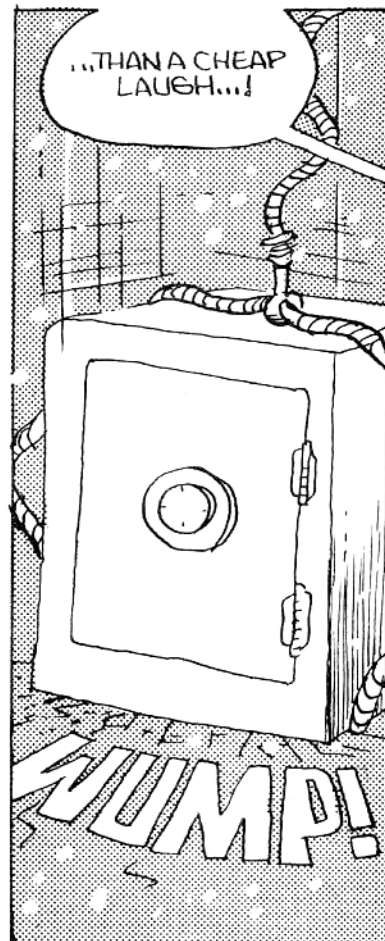
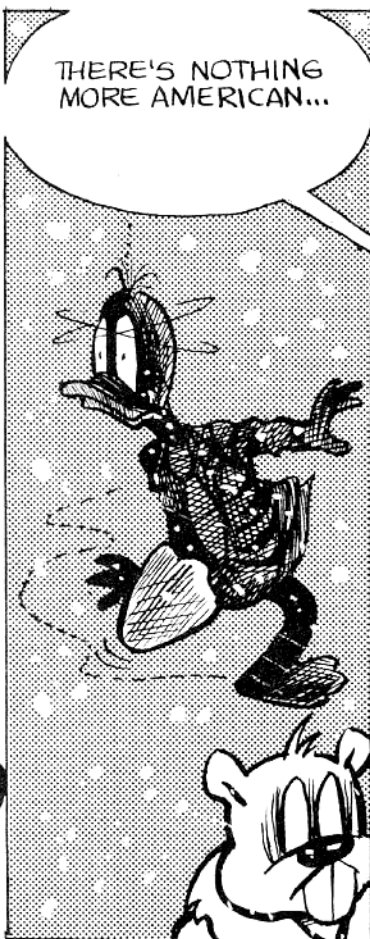
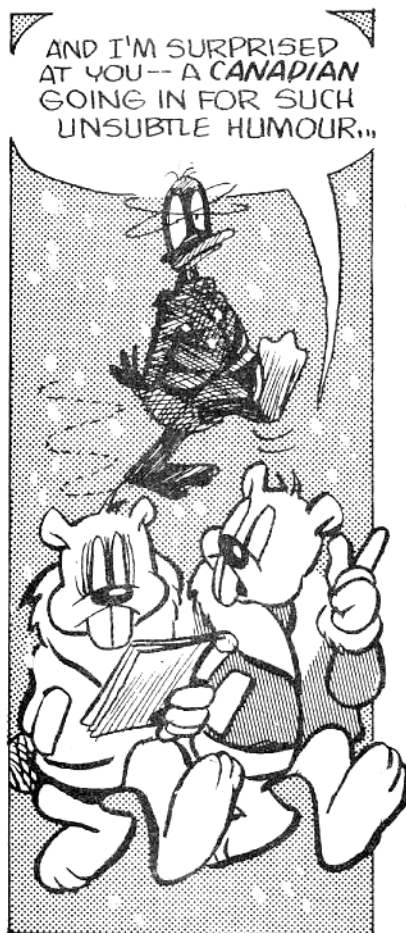
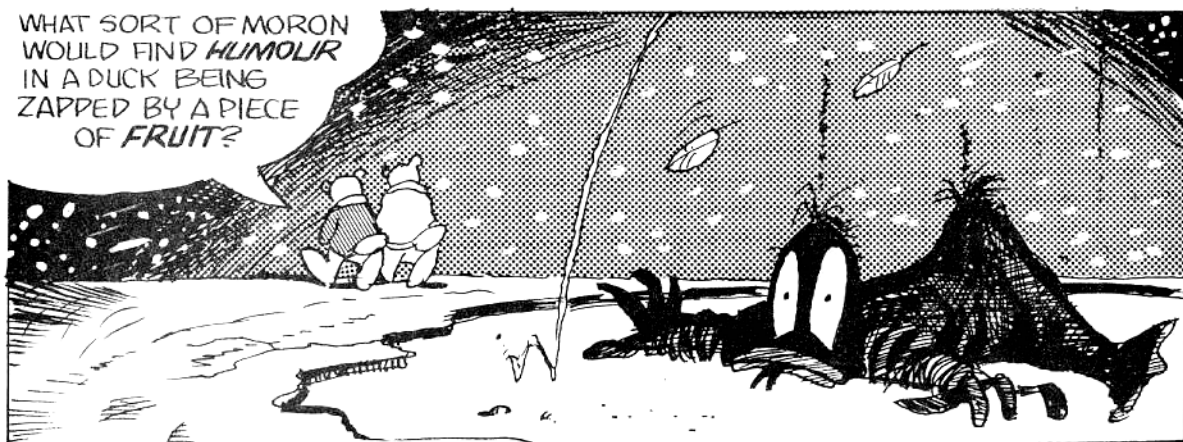
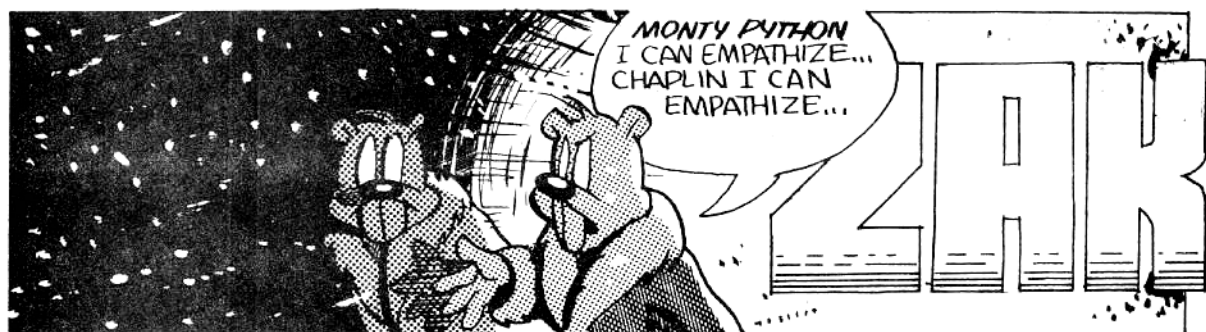
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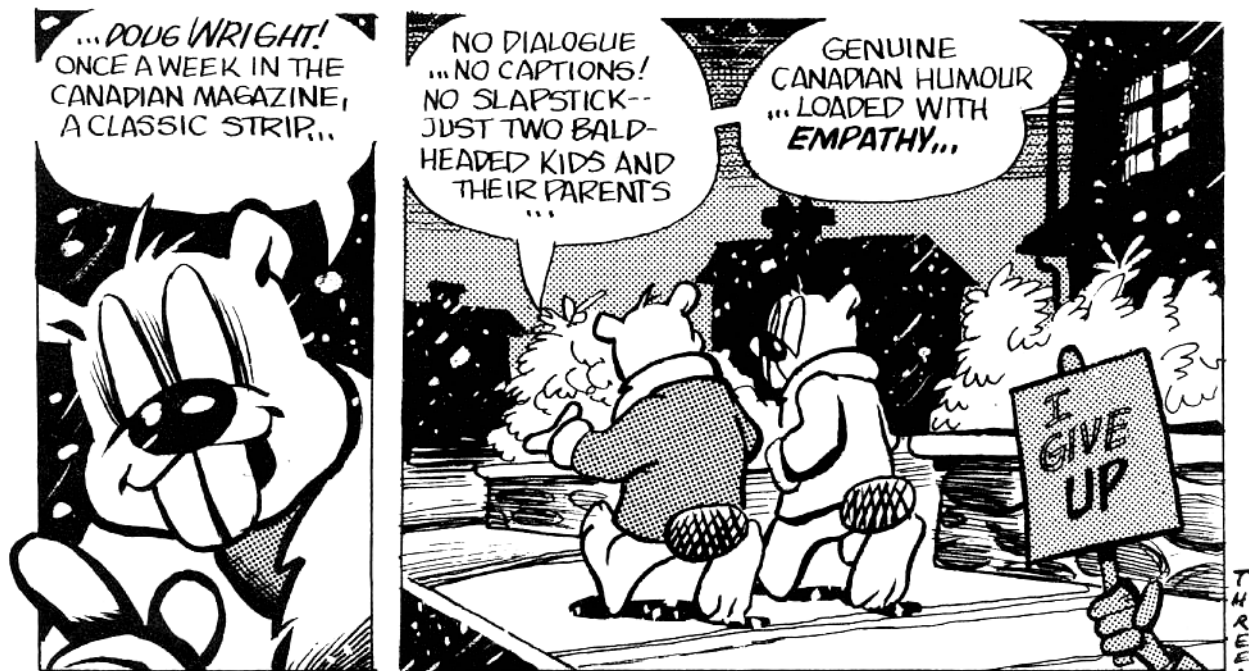
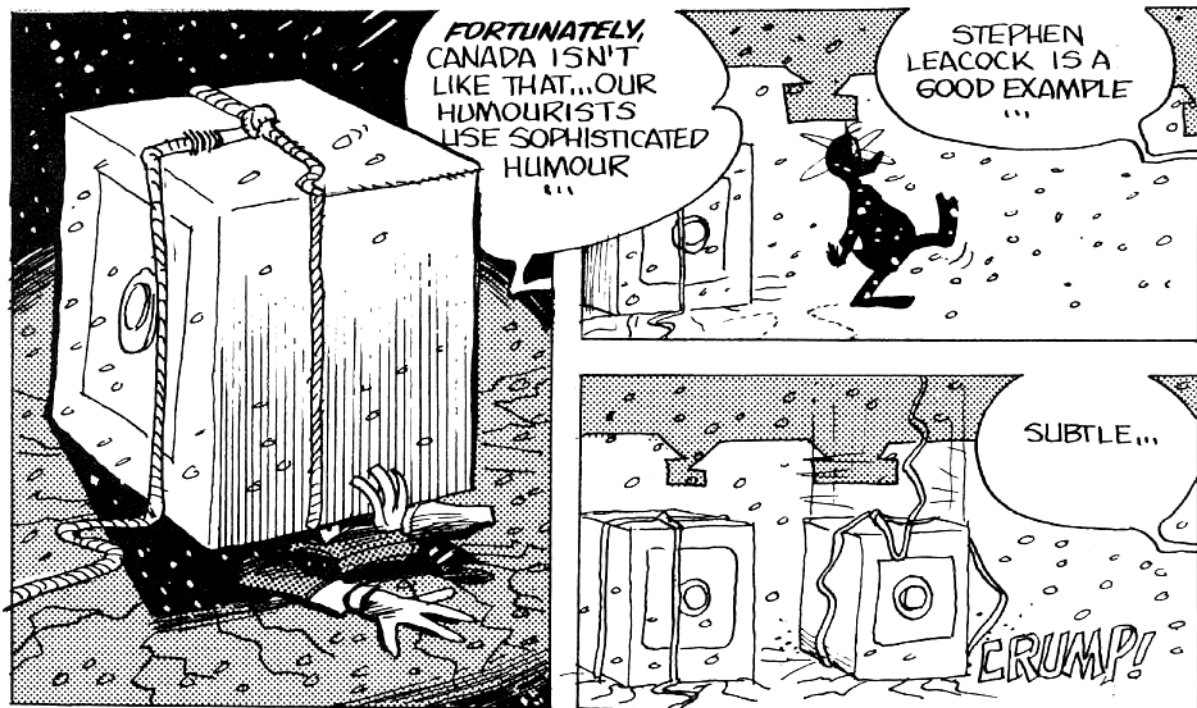




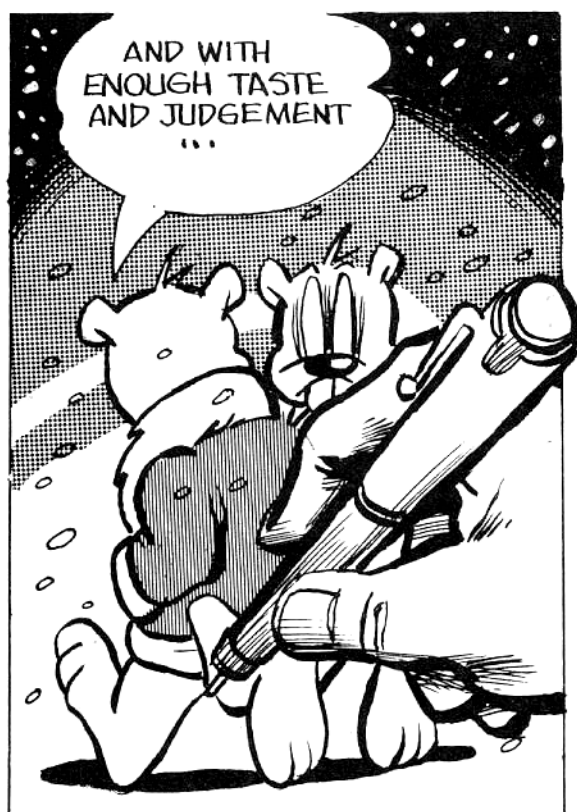








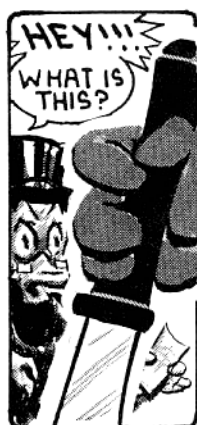
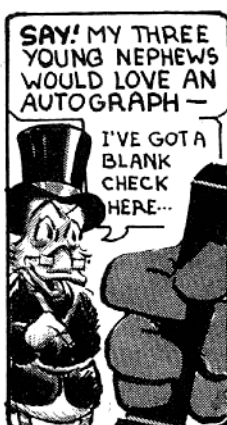
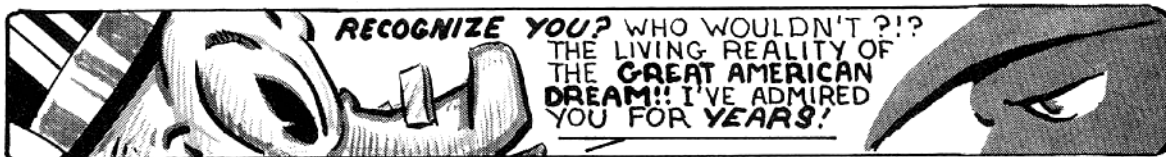
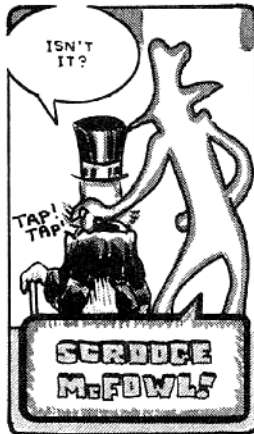
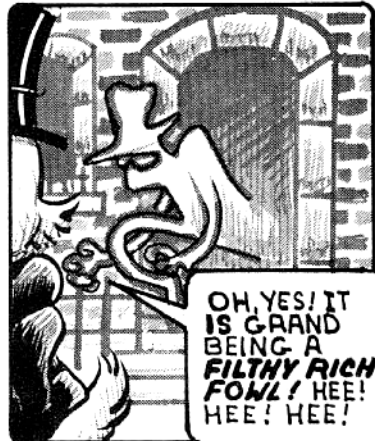
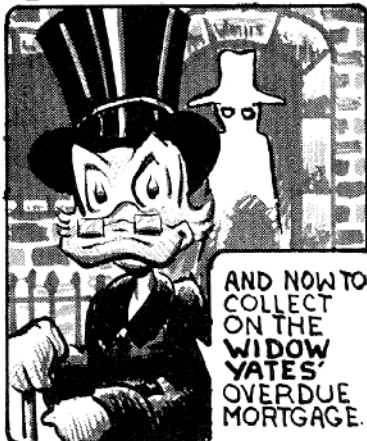
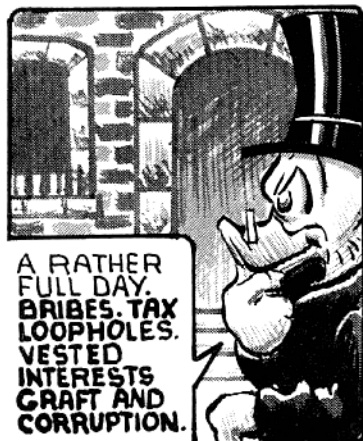




SIM  
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FIN

# INTRO-DUCK-TION





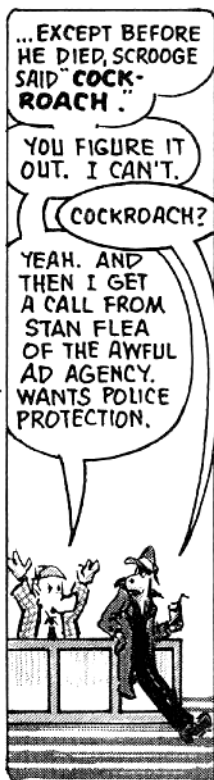
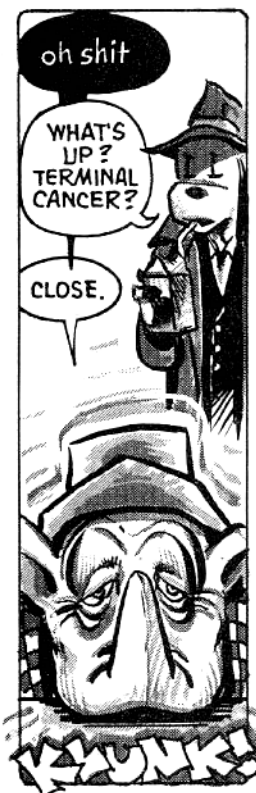
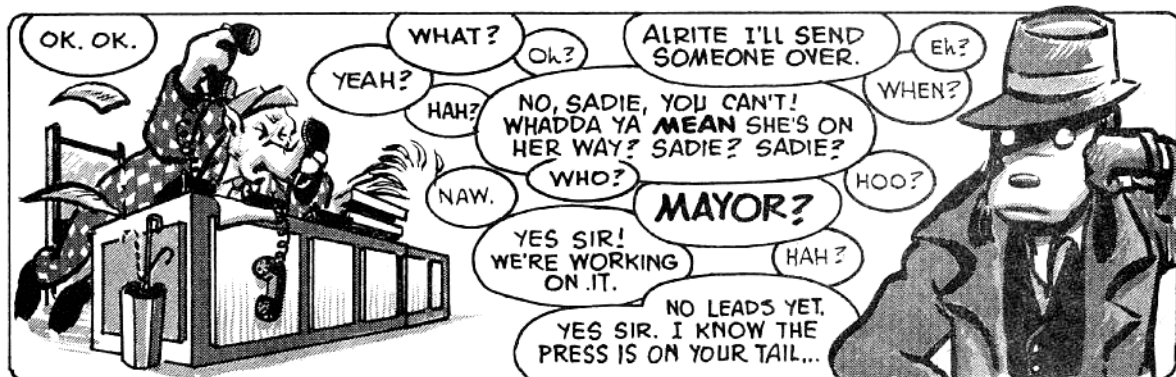
**D U C K**



**THE  
WRAITH**

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**D E A T H**







# AWFUL AD AGENCY

EXCUSE ME, I'M  
HERE TO SEE  
STAN FLEA ABOUT ...

YOU A BILL  
COLLECTOR? NO.



DOOR'S OPEN,  
CHARLIE.



MR FLEA? I'M...

THE WRATH, RIGHT?

WRAITH,  
NOT WRATH.

EXCELSIOR! CALL ME  
STAN. CALL ME GREAT.

CALL ME ANY-  
THING, ONLY  
DON'T CALL  
ME LATE TO  
SUPPER, OK?

Ah, WHAT'S  
IN A NAME,  
eh, WRATH?

WRAITH:  
HMM...

WELCOME TO THE AWFUL AD  
AGENCY, EFFENDI. LET ME SHOW  
YOU AROUND THE PLACE. SAY,  
YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED  
IN SQUID FLAVORED DOUCHE,  
WOULD YOU? GREAT STUFF!

WELL DIS  
MUS' BE  
DE PLACE...

DID YOU  
HEAR A  
'SPLAT'  
BACK THERE,  
WRAITH?

NAH. YOUR  
IMAGINATION'S  
WORKING  
OVERTIME,  
KID.

ONE OF  
OUR NEW  
ACCOUNTS.

JOHN-BABY, THE DELICIOUS DOUCHE ACCOUNT  
WANTS A 40 - PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET  
FOR THEIR NEW SQUID-FLAVORED DOUCHE.  
**THEY WANT QUALITY. THEY WANT INTENSITY.**  
THEY WANT IT BY 4:00.

CREATIVE  
GROUP

YOU WANT ME  
TO DO 40 PAGES  
OF DETAILED  
ART, SINGLE-  
HANDEDLY,  
BY 4:00?

HEY,  
THERE'S  
JAZZY  
JONNY,  
OUR ART  
DIRECTOR.



I'LL START ON  
IT RIGHT AFTER  
LUNCH, STAN.

REMEMBER,  
DON'T DO IT  
RIGHT, DO IT  
TUESDAY.



Ahem...  
AS I WAS  
SAYING...

AND NOW DOWN TO  
BUSINESS, FRANTIC ONE.  
WITH ALL THESE DUCK  
KILLINGS GOING ON, I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT PROTECTING  
OUR STAR MODEL -- WE'VE  
GOT A MULTI-MILLION-  
DOLLAR CAMPAIGN  
BASED ON HIM.

SQUID  
DOUCHE?

IKK

WHO IS THIS  
WUNDERKIND?

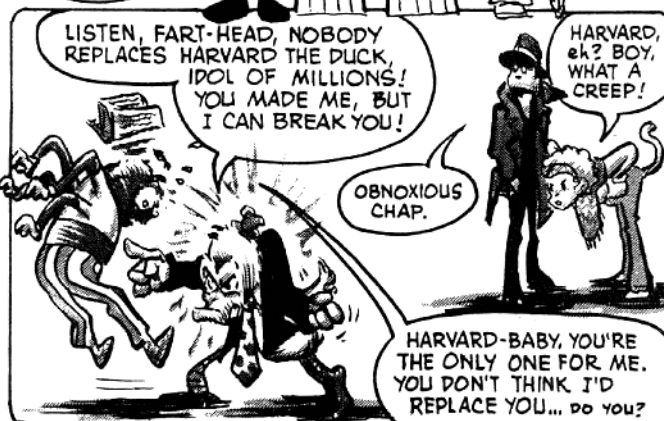
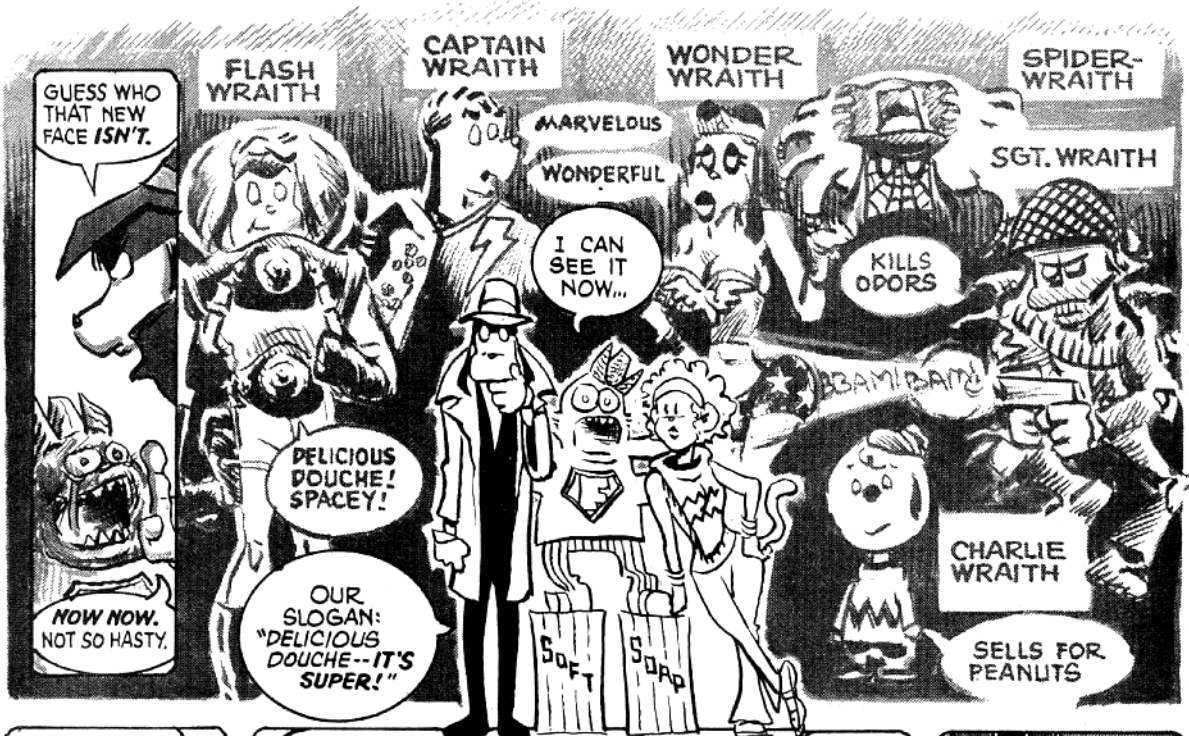
HARVARD THE DUCK,  
OF COURSE... AND...

SAY! I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR A  
FRESH FACE TO  
STAR IN A NEW  
DOUCHE CAMPAIGN  
BASED ON A SUPER-  
HERO MOTIF (A  
THROWBACK FROM  
A PREVIOUS JOB).

SOMETHING LIKE...  
"DELICIOUS-- THE  
SUPER-DOUCHE!"

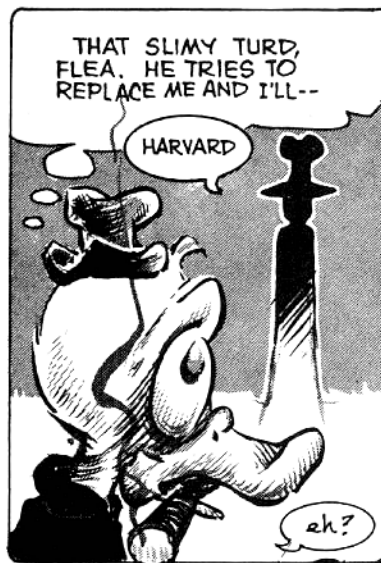


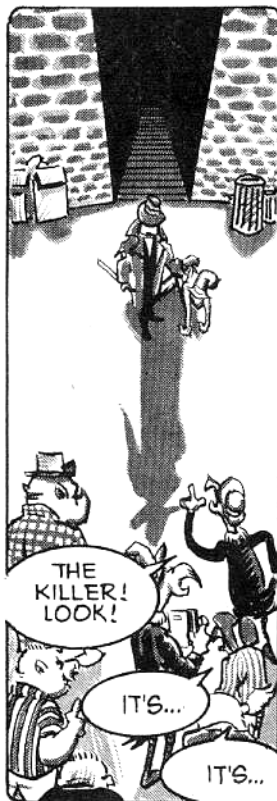
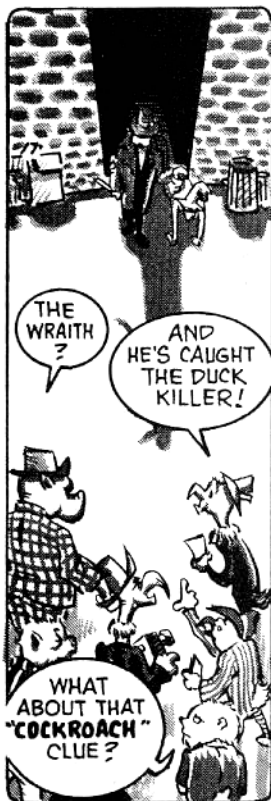
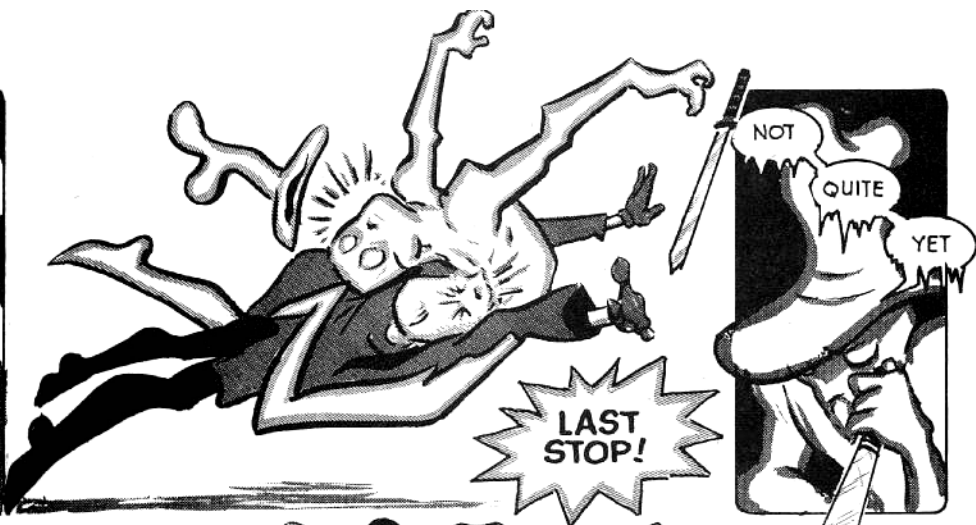
















I AM THE HORATIO  
ALGER OF THE  
POULTRY WORLD.



MINE IS THE STORY  
OF THE GREAT  
AMERICAN DREAM...  
POOR BOY MAKES  
GOOD, AND ALL THAT.



I STARTED SELLING  
SOUTHERN FRIED  
COCKROACHES IN THE  
BACK OF MY TRUCK.



SOON IT BRANCHED  
OUT INTO A MULTI-  
BILLION DOLLAR  
ENTERPRISE. PEOPLE  
LOVED THE GREASY  
STUFF.



THE NAME OF CHICKEN...  
COLONEL CHICKEN...  
BECAME SYNONYMOUS  
WITH FOOD, FAME  
AND GROSS PROFITS!



**DUCKS!**



DUCKS ON THE TV,  
DUCKS IN THE COMICS,  
MOVIES & RADIO!  
DISCO - DUCKS...  
DONALD - DUCKS...  
RUBBER - DUCKS...



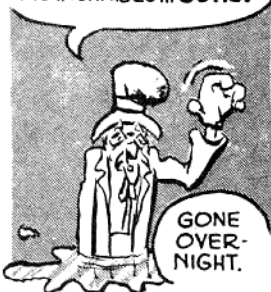
DUCKS TO THE RIGHT,  
DUCKS TO THE LEFT,  
EVERYONE WAS  
DUCK-CONSCIOUS.  
INFERNAL CREATURES!



WITHIN MONTHS,  
NO ONE WAS  
TALKING CHICKEN...  
THINKING CHICKEN...  
BUYING CHICKEN!



THE NAME OF  
COL. CHICKEN FADED  
FROM THE SCENE.  
MULTI-BILLION  
FRIED COCKROACH  
FRANCHISES... GONE.

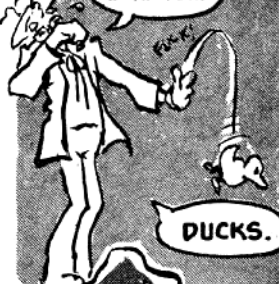


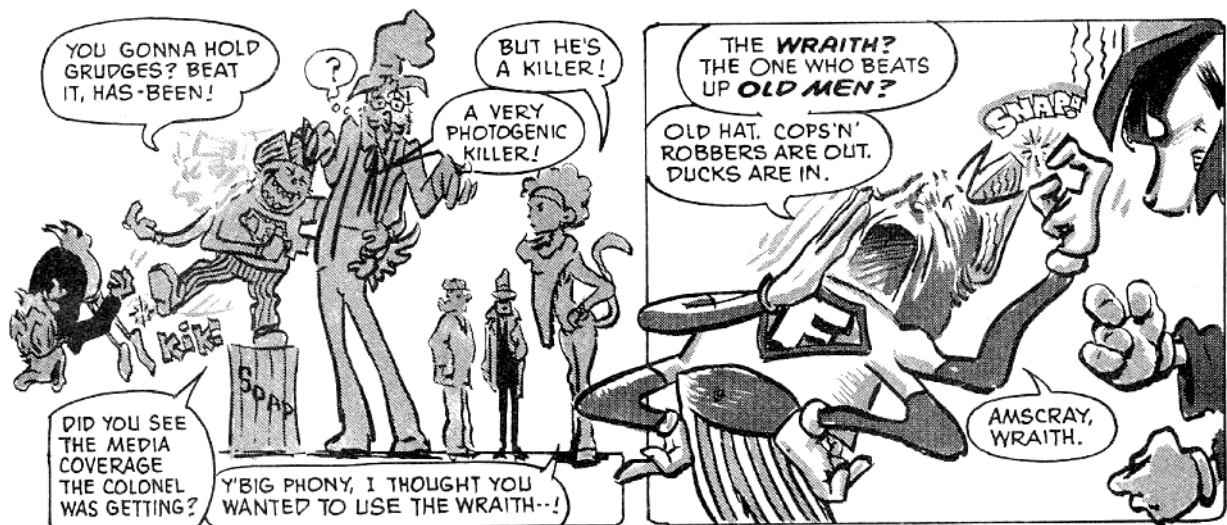
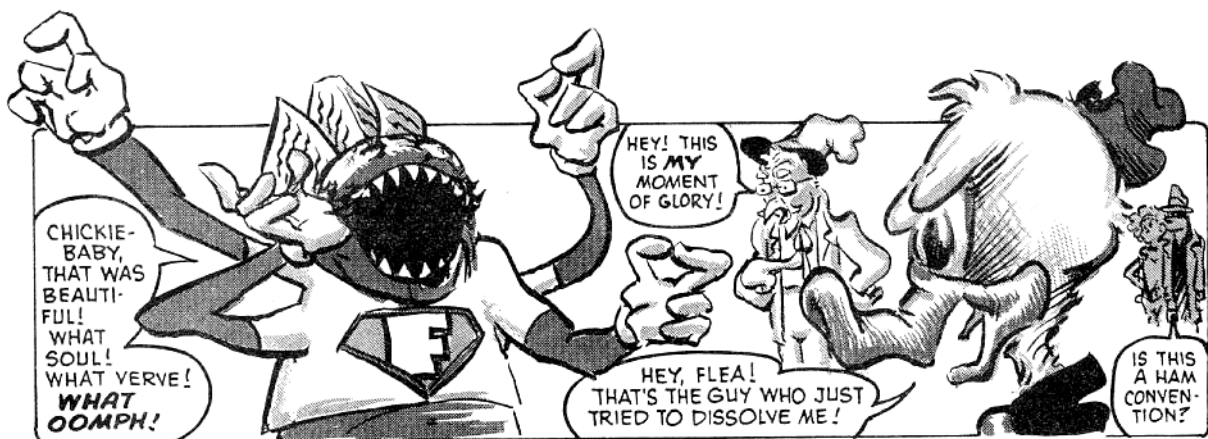
BECAUSE OF DUCKS!  
PENILESS, SENILE,  
EMBITTERED, IS IT ANY  
WONDER THAT I SOUGHT  
REVENGE ON THOSE  
FOWL CREATURES?



AND THAT, MY  
FRIENDS...

IS WHY...  
I HATE...





# E.Z. WOLF AS WOLFJACK

## IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING QUACK

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**T**HE DAY BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. IT WAS RAINING, AND SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE A DOG WAS BARKING.



BY TED RICHARDS AND LARRY GONICK WITH A HELPING J. MICHAEL HAND FROM: LEONARD

**I**HADN'T SEEN A CASE IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE SIX MONTHS. NOT THAT THIS WAS UNUSUAL FOR A PART-TIME DETECTIVE HERE IN **TERMINUS**, WHICH IS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN IN THE DEEP SOUTH. BUT WHEN SOMETHIN' DOES HAPPEN, IT'S REALLY **STRANGE** AND **WEIRD**...



SUDDENLY THE DOG'S BARKING TURNED TO A VICIOUS **HOWL**. THEN SILENCE. I DECIDED TO CHECK IT OUT...





I FIGURED THE DOG'S BARK BELONGED TO **OL' HUNCHER**, BRER BILL GOAT'S COON HOUND. SO I HEADED ON UP TO HIS SHACK.

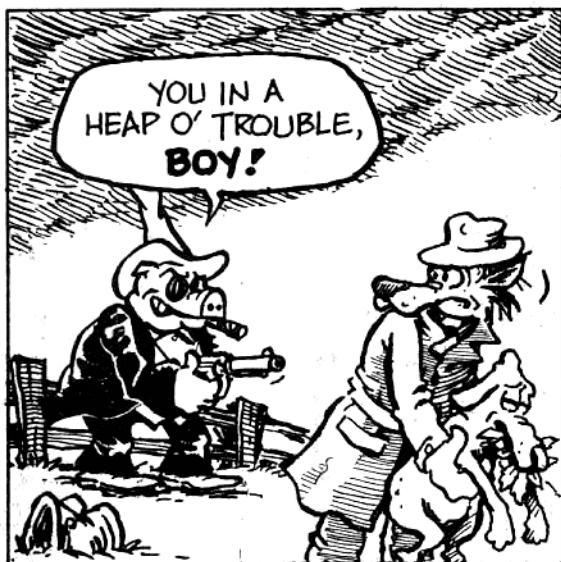


I FOUND OL' HUNCHER OUT COLD, AND **DUCK FEATHERS** STREWN ABOUT THE YARD.



**BRER BILL? HEY, ARE YOU IN THERE, BILL? IT'S ME, WOLFJACK!**

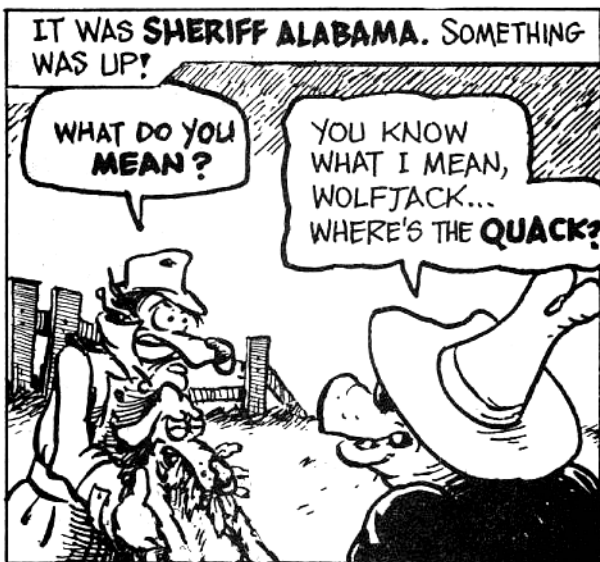
YOU IN A HEAP O' TROUBLE, **BOY!**



IT WAS **SHERIFF ALABAMA**. SOMETHING WAS UP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WOLFJACK... WHERE'S THE **QUACK?**



THE **QUACK?** WHY I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF...

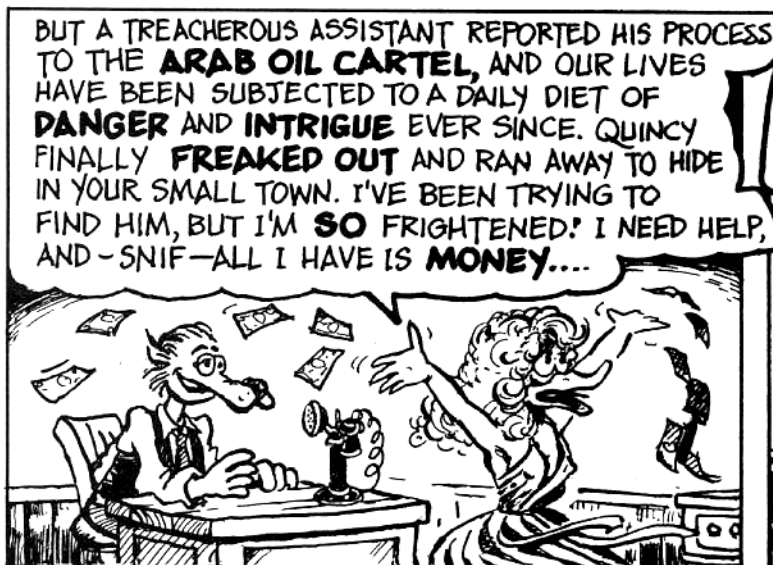
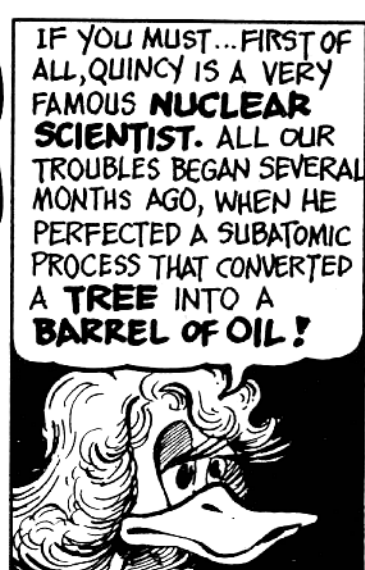
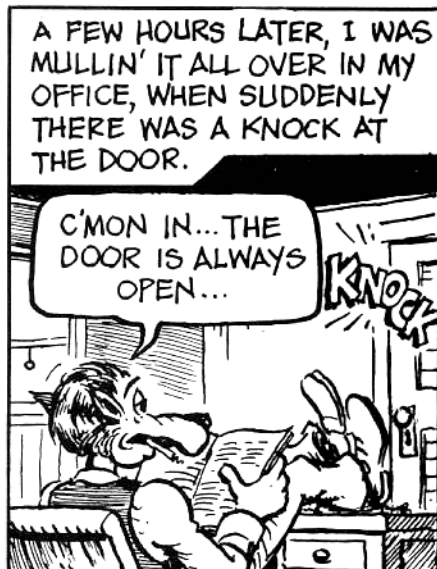
DON'T GET **WISE** WITH ME, **BOY!** ... YOU'RE STANDIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF **DUCK FEATHERS** HOLDING A **DOG** WITH A FEW OF 'EM ON HIS **MOUTH!**



C'MON, SHERIFF... WHAT ARE YOU **CHARGIN'** ME WITH?.. MAKIN' **ILLEGAL PILLOWS** OR SOMETHIN'? YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE AN' YOU **KNOW IT!**

WELL...A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A CRAZY LITTLE **DUCK** AROUND HERE, YOU LET ME KNOW...IT'S **IMPORTANT!**





I WAS UP AND OUT EARLY TH' NEXT DAY, SO I STOPPED BY THE **PICK 'N' CHEW** FOR MY USUAL BREAKFAST OF A **MOONPIE** AND AN **R.C. COLA**.



WHEN I BIT INTO THE **MOONPIE**, A PIECE OF PAPER STUCK BETWEEN MY TEETH.



I PICKED IT OUT AND SAW IT HAD A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT.



I HUSTLED OVER TO THE ALLEY AND STUMBLED UPON ONE OF THE **GRISLIEST** SIGHTS I'D SEEN SINCE NED CRANE MURDERED HIS WIFE WITH A LAWNMOWER.\*



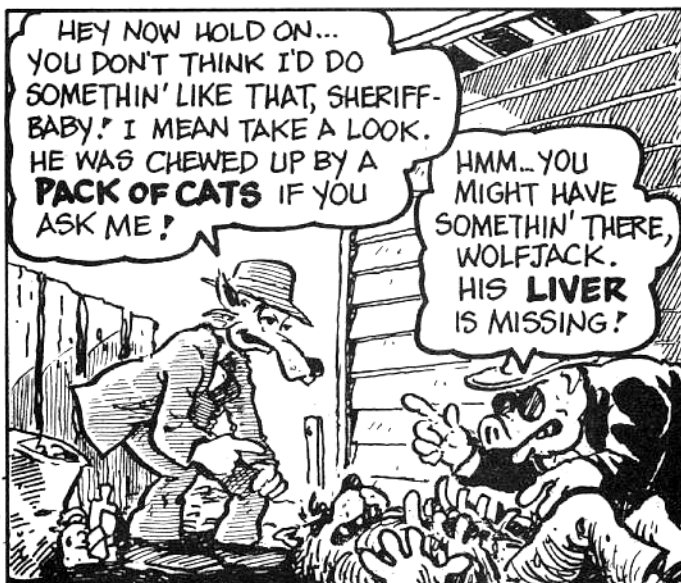
\* THAT'S ANOTHER STORY WE'LL TELL SOMETIME SOON.\*

A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK! YOU IN A **HEAP** O' TROUBLE NOW? MURDERIN' A GOV'MNT AGENT?



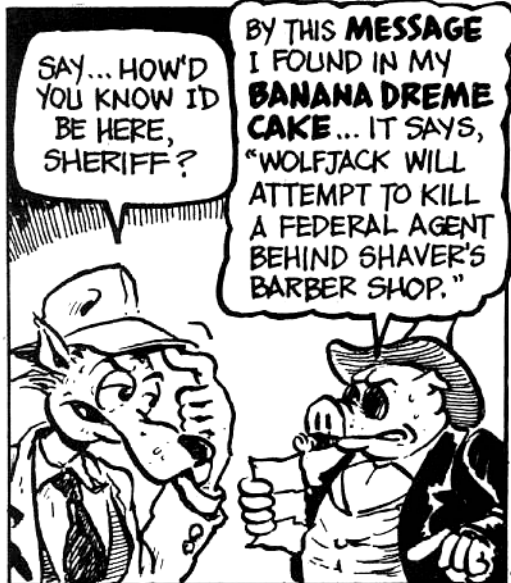
HEY NOW HOLD ON... YOU DON'T THINK I'D DO SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT, SHERIFF-BABY? I MEAN TAKE A LOOK. HE WAS CHEWED UP BY A **PACK OF CATS** IF YOU ASK ME!

HMM... YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, WOLFJACK. HIS **LIVER** IS MISSING!



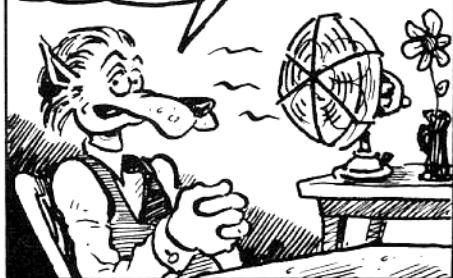
SAY... HOW'D YOU KNOW I'D BE HERE, SHERIFF?

BY THIS MESSAGE I FOUND IN MY **BANANA DREME CAKE**... IT SAYS, "WOLFJACK WILL ATTEMPT TO KILL A FEDERAL AGENT BEHIND SHAVER'S BARBER SHOP."





WELL, AFTER THE SHERIFF SHOWED ME HIS NOTE, I SHOWED HIM MINE, AND WE BOTH AGREED WE'D BEEN **SET UP**. IN TURN I MANAGED TO WEASEL OUT OF HIM THAT DAGMAR HAD BEEN BY HIS OFFICE AND HAD FILLED OUT A MISSING PERSON REPORT ON THE **QUACK...**



YEAH, WELL... WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TELL THE **FEDS** 'BOUT THEIR MAN GETTIN' CLAWED UP?



WELL, I'LL TELL 'EM A **SWAMP MONSTER** OR SOMETHIN' GOT HIM... BUT THEY **AIN'T** GONNA BELIEVE IT AND I TELL YOU WHAT... YOU AND BRER BILL BETTER CLOSE UP THAT NEW **MOONSHINE STILL**, 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR **BLOOD!**



I WASTED LITTLE TIME HEEDIN' THE SHERIFF'S ADVICE. BRER BILL WAS STILL MISSING FROM HIS SHACK, BUT **OL' HUNCHER** WAS UP AND AROUND, SO I TOOK HIM WITH ME UP TO THE NEW **MOONSHINE STILL**.



C'MON, BOY, LET'S GO FIND BILL!

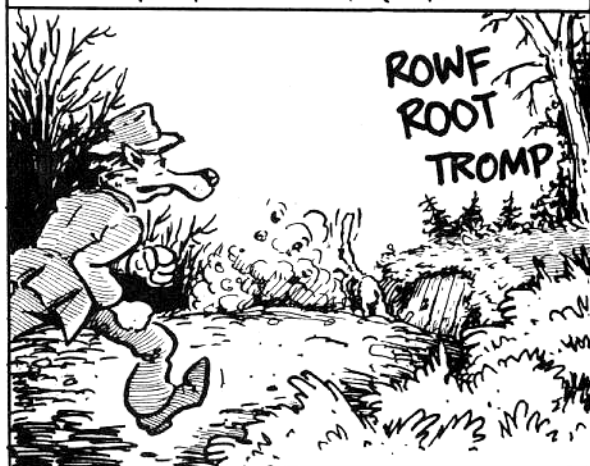
WHOOT  
RRROOW  
WHOOOF

HEY BILL?! IT'S ME... **WOLFJACK!**

GO FIND BILL, HUNCHER! WHERE'S **BILL**? GO **FIND HIM!**



OL' HUNCHER HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT HE WAS ONE HELL OF A **COON DOG**, WITH A NOSE THAT WOULDN'T QUIT!

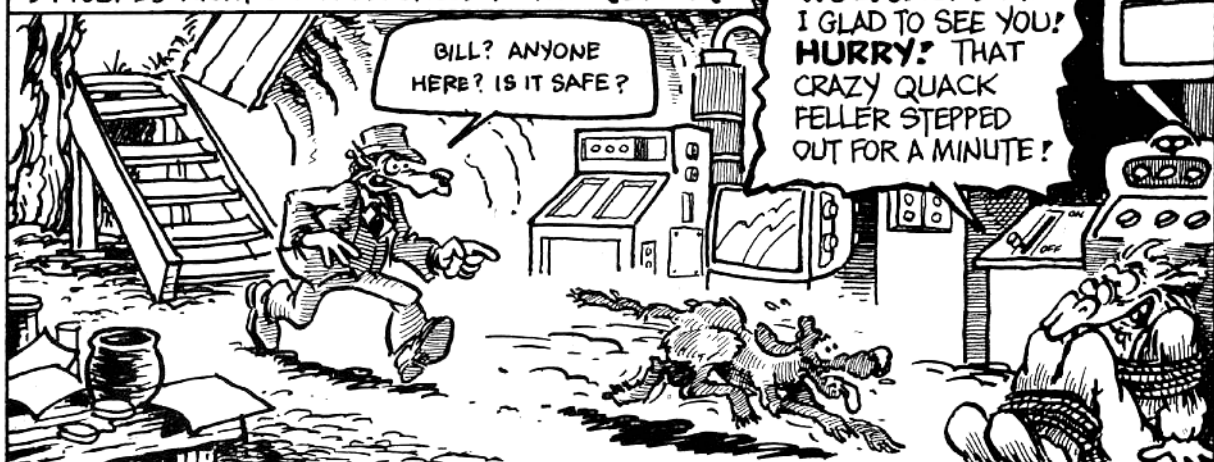


ROWF  
ROOT  
TROMP

WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY OL' BILL'S IN **THERE**, HUNCHER? WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



OL' HUNCHER HAD STUMBLED UPON WHAT LOOKED LIKE A **SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORY**, AND I FIGURED RIGHT OFF IT BELONGED TO THE **QUACK!**



FIRST LET'S GET YOU UNTIED... HUNCHER, YOU GUARD THAT DOOR...

NO NEED TO DO THAT, WOLFJACK. JUST KEEP AN EYE OUT ON THAT FANCY **T.V. SCREEN**, AN' YOU CAN SEE HIM A'COMIN'!



GOOD! WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', WHY DON'T YOU FILL ME IN ON WHAT THIS BOY'S UP TO!

WELP...I WAS FETCHIN' WOOD FOR THE **COOKER** ON THE **STILL**, WHEN I STUMBLED UPON THAT **DOOR** OUT THERE. I FOOLED AT IT FOR A MINUTE, THEN WENT TO GET A **CROWBAR**...

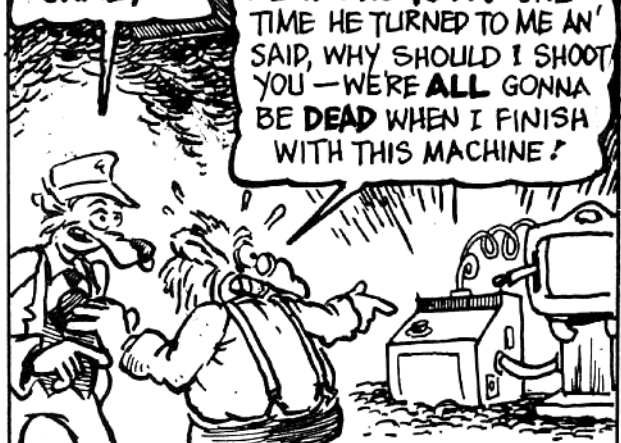


HE **JUMPED** ME WITH A GUN DOWN BY THE SHACK... OL' HUNCHER GOT A PIECE OF 'IM THOUGH, 'FORE HE WAS KNOCKED FLAT... BUT I'M TELLIN' YA WOLFJACK, **THIS QUACK IS CRAZY!** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, 'FORE HE COMES BACK!!



HOLD ON, BILL... WHY DO YOU THINK HE'S **CRAZY**...

HE'S FOOLIN' WIT' TH' **DEVIL**, I TELL YA! SEE THAT MACHINE OVER YONDER? HE TALKS TO IT! ONE TIME HE TURNED TO ME AN' SAID, WHY SHOULD I SHOOT YOU - WE'RE **ALL** GONNA BE **DEAD** WHEN I FINISH WITH THIS MACHINE!



I CALMED BILL DOWN, AND WE SETTLED IN TO WAIT FOR THE QUACK...

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL...THIS MACHINE **DOES** LOOK LIKE IT'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH TH' DEVIL...

WOLFJACK!  
IT'S THE **QUACK!**  
HE'S COMIN'!



A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER, I PLICKED HIM OFF THE LADDER.

HUH!  
AWK!  
SQUAWK!

HEY, YOU SURE ARE A LITTLE FELLER TO BE CAUSIN' SUCH **BIG TROUBLE!**



WE OUGHTA LET **OL' HUNCHER** GET A'HOLT OF 'IM!

HOLD ON, BILL! DR. QUACK'S **WIFE** IS WILLING TO PAY ME A NICE PILE OF CHANGE WHEN I TURN HIM OVER TO HER!



NO! NOT **DAGMAR!** SHE'S A NO-GOOD ROTTEN **STRUMPET!** SHE'LL HAVE ME **KILLED!** SHE **BETRAYED** ME! SOLD ME **OUT!**



BUT SHE'LL GET WHAT SHE DESERVES, IF I CAN ONLY FINISH MY MACHINE... SLOBBER SOB... **PLEASE** LET ME FINISH MY MACHINE... IT ONLY NEEDS THIS ONE PART...



I THINK **WE** MIGHT HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN SEEING HIS MACHINE COMPLETED, **WOLFJACK!**

DAGMAR!  
AND... OH, NO? **THE CATMAN!**

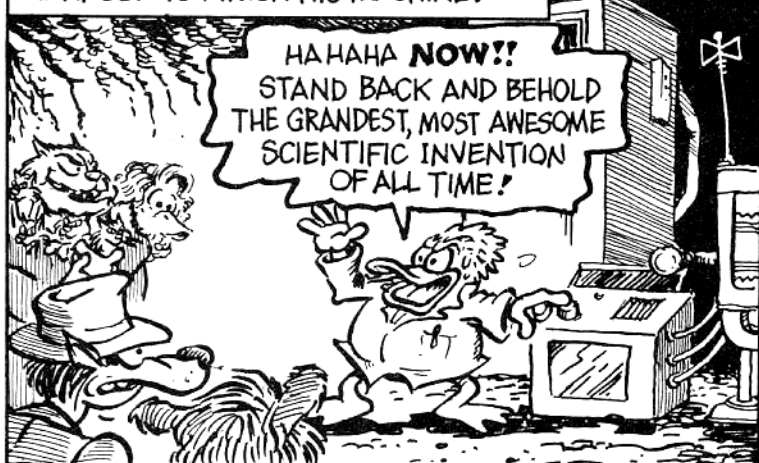


OH YES, DAGMAR...YOU'RE SO **WICKED**, BUT SO **WISE**... YES, A MACHINE THAT TURNS **TREES** INTO **OIL!** BUT I'VE WORKED SO LONG, SO HARD, THAT NOW (**SOB**) I WANT ONLY TO SEE IT **WORK!** THAT'S ALL! YOU CAN **HAVE** IT AFTER I'VE FINISHED! **HONEST!**





SINCE THE CATMAN HAD AN ARMFUL OF VIOUS TRAINED CATS, THE QUACK MANAGED TO FINISH HIS MACHINE!



HAHAHA **NOW!!**  
STAND BACK AND BEHOLD  
THE GRANDEST, MOST AWESOME  
SCIENTIFIC INVENTION  
OF ALL TIME!

HAHAHAHAHA  
YOU **FOOLS!** YOU'LL NEVER  
SEE A MACHINE THAT TURNS  
TREES INTO OIL... BUT  
INSTEAD MY **ANTI-  
MATTER BOMB!** **WHAT?**



QUINCY! WHAT  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT! YOU'LL  
KILL ALL OF US!  
IT'S ONLY **ME**  
YOU WANT TO  
HARM!

HAHAHA...YES (PANT)  
(SLOBBER) NOT ONLY YOU,  
DAGMAR... THE ONE  
I LOVE... BUT THE  
**OTHERS** WHO DARED  
TO BASK IN YOUR  
AFFECTIONS! FIRST IT  
WAS THE **LAB BOYS!**



THEN MY COLLEAGUES...  
I HEARD THE WHISPERS  
BEHIND MY BACK...  
(MOAN) **CUCKOLD!**  
**BRILLIANT**, BUT A  
**CUCKOLD!** WAIL!  
THEN... THEN... THE  
**FOOTBALL TEAM!**



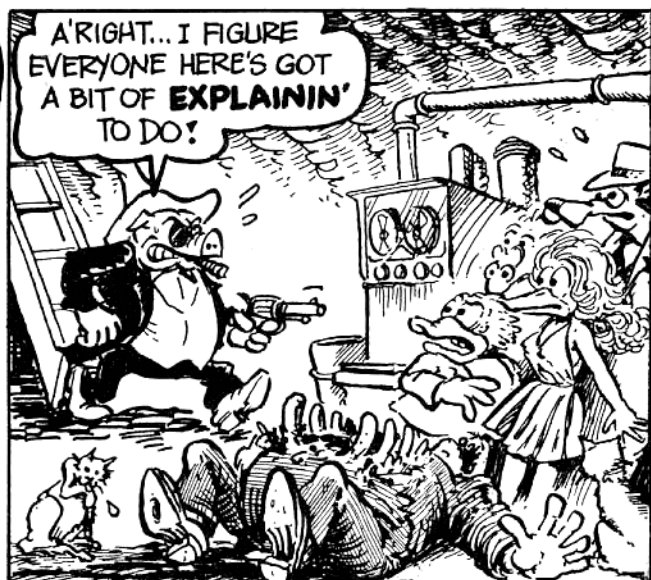
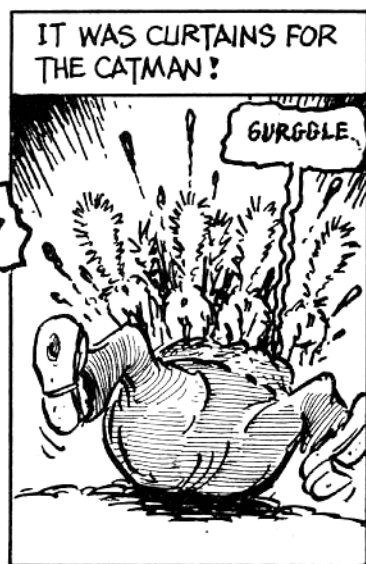
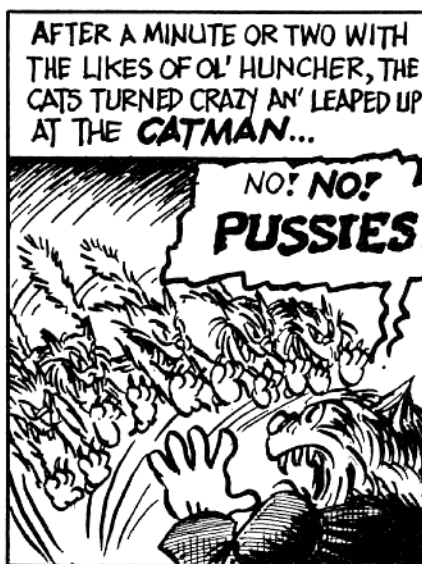
NEANDERTHALS, ALL  
OF THEM—COMPARED  
TO MY GENIUS!!  
(SOB) YES, I'M A  
**MEGALOMANIAC**,  
BUT I DON'T CARE  
IF I'M **SICK!** I'M  
GONNA DESTROY  
THE WHOLE WORLD  
**ANYWAY!**

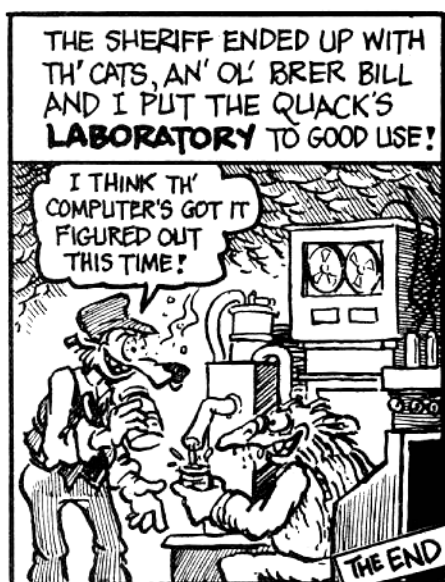


HAHAHA  
HAHA  
SOB...CRY

**FZZT**  
**POB SMOLDER**

**PUSH!**







# YOU-ALL GIBBON

**THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!**

mmm **BOY!**  
**NOTHIN'** SMELLS  
 QUITE AS GOOD AS  
 NICE GREASY **BACON**  
 CRACKLIN' OVAH  
 TH' **CAMPFIRE!**

JOIN THE APE WITH  
 THE **APE-TITE** AND  
 HIS ADDLED **ALLIES**,  
 AS THEY CONFRONT  
 THEIR MOST **RIDICU-**  
**LOUS CHALLENGE YET,**  
 "ON THE TRAIL OF

**PIG-**  
**FOOT**  
 THE **AWFUL BOAR!**"

OUR STORY OPENS ON A RATHER  
**CHILLING NOTE** AS THE **BARON**  
 OF **BAD TASTE** OBSERVES...

FEH.

ICE-O-MA

ZILCH

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...  
 I'VE GOTTA GET MAHSELF  
 SOMETHIN' TO **EAT**...MAH  
 STOMACH'S STOPPED  
**GROWLIN'**...NOW  
 IT'S **BARKIN'**  
 AT ME--

HEY!

MEBBE THAT'S A  
**PIZZA DELIVERY**  
 MAN LOOKIN' FOR  
**DIRECTIONS!**

**DING!**  
**DONG**

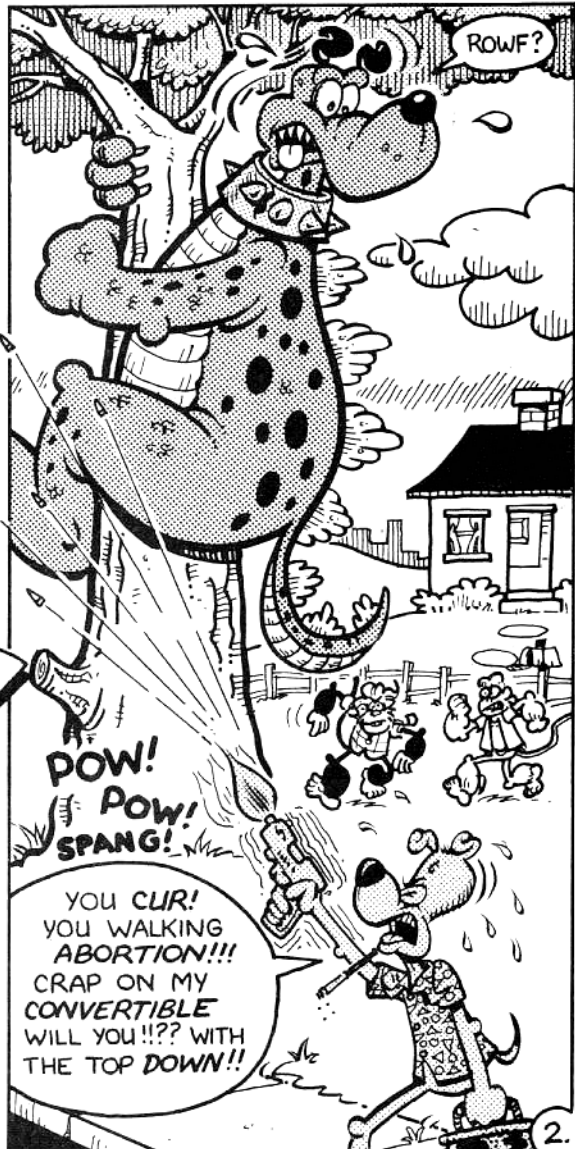
STORY AND  
 ART BY **SCOTT SHAW!**

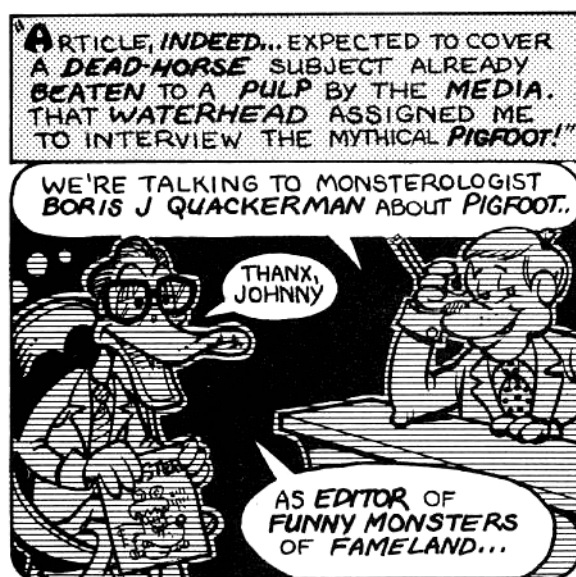
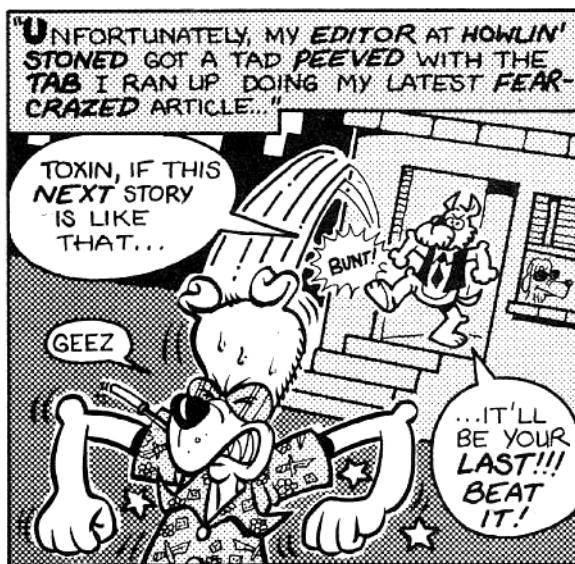
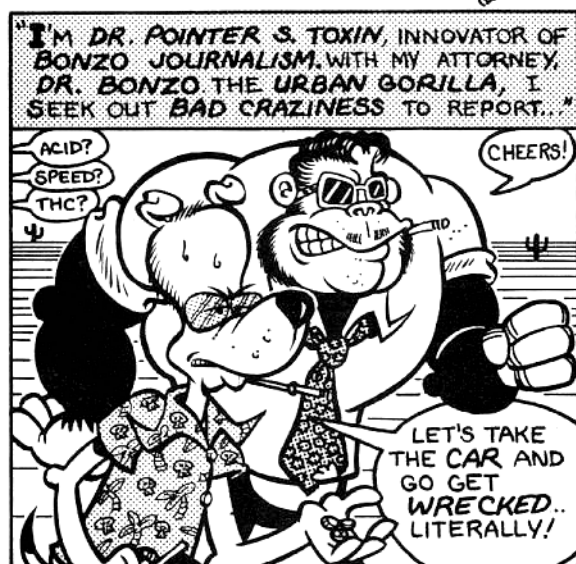
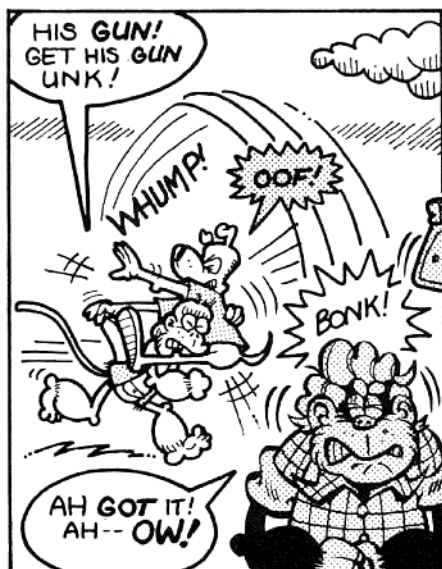
LETTERING BY  
 CAROLYN LAY

WITH A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACK  
 KIRBY, GENE HAZELTON, JAY WARD,  
 AND GILBERT SHELTON...

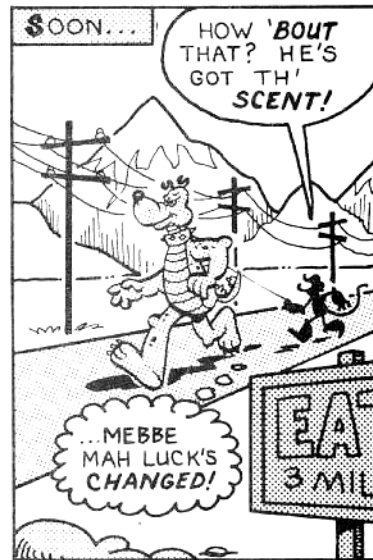


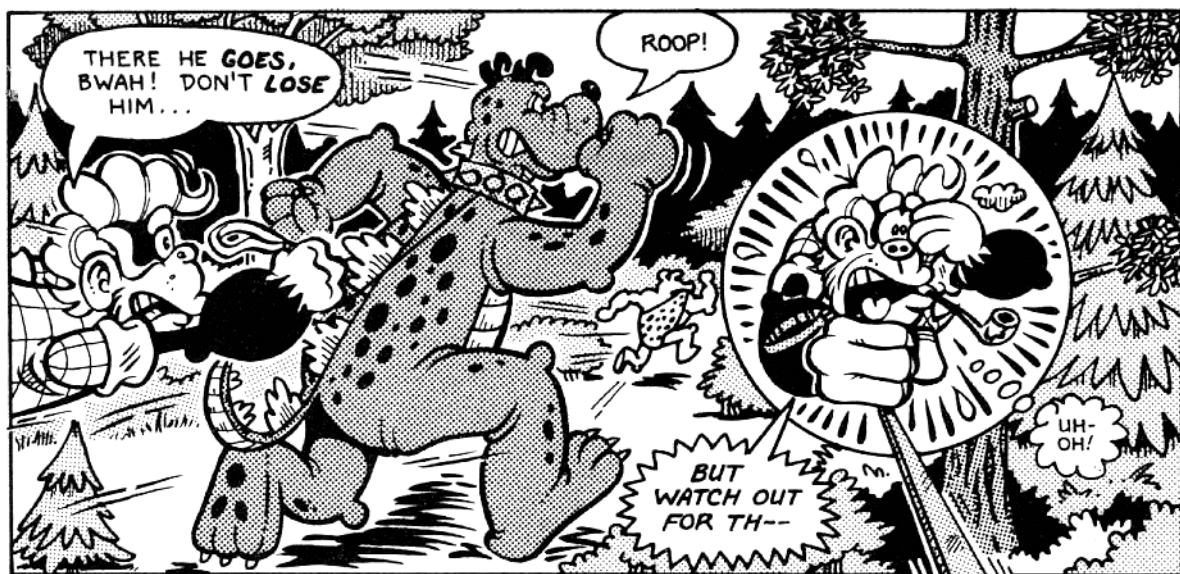
"IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TO GET STUCK WITH TH' BILL FOR ALL TH' DAMAGE HE CAUSED, BUT NOW TH' BABYSITTIN' COSTS ARE KILLIN' ME... OH, MAH KINGDOM FOR A BURGER!"

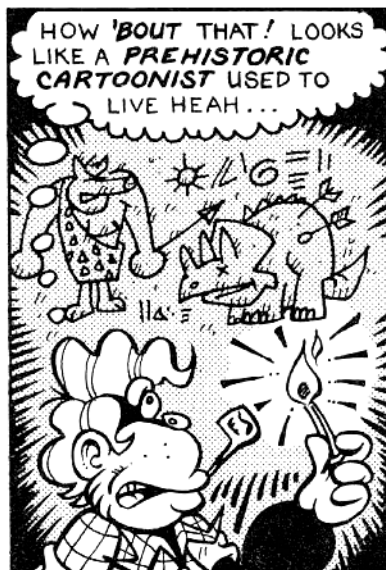














I THINK I'VE BEEN GYPPED. I SIGNED ON FOR A TEN YEAR HITCH. I WAS OFF ON AN EXCITING CAREER AS A PILOT, I THOUGHT. NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS SHIPPED OUT TO THIS DUMP, THE HIGHLY SECLUDED RESEARCH CENTER.

HERE I'D BEEN STUCK FOR THREE YEARS NOW, TWO OR THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM NOWHERE AND NO WAY TO GET OFF EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL CIRCLING OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST CRAFT.



SEVEN YEARS LEFT OF GOOD PAY BUT NOTHING TO SPEND IT ON.



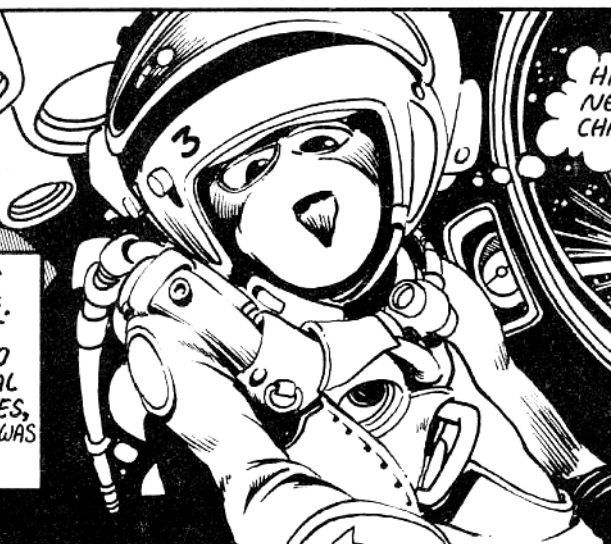
MAN, IF I COULD JUST GET OUTTA HERE! THERE IS NOTHING TO DO ON THIS ROCK BUT JOCKEY THESE SILLY TEST SHIPS!

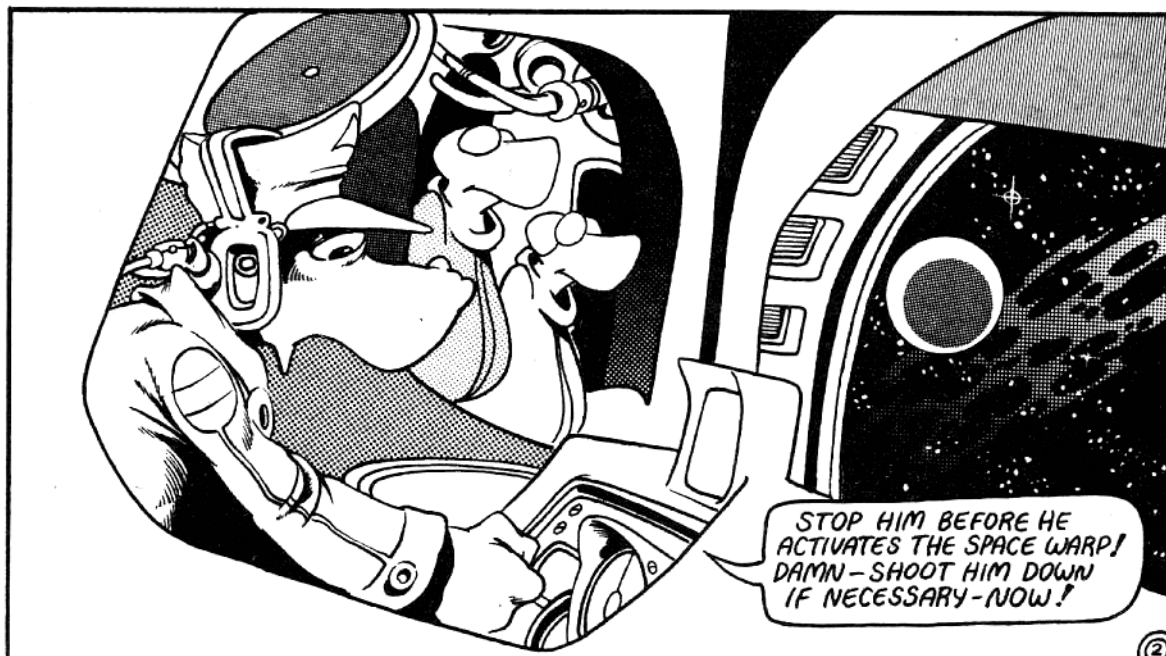
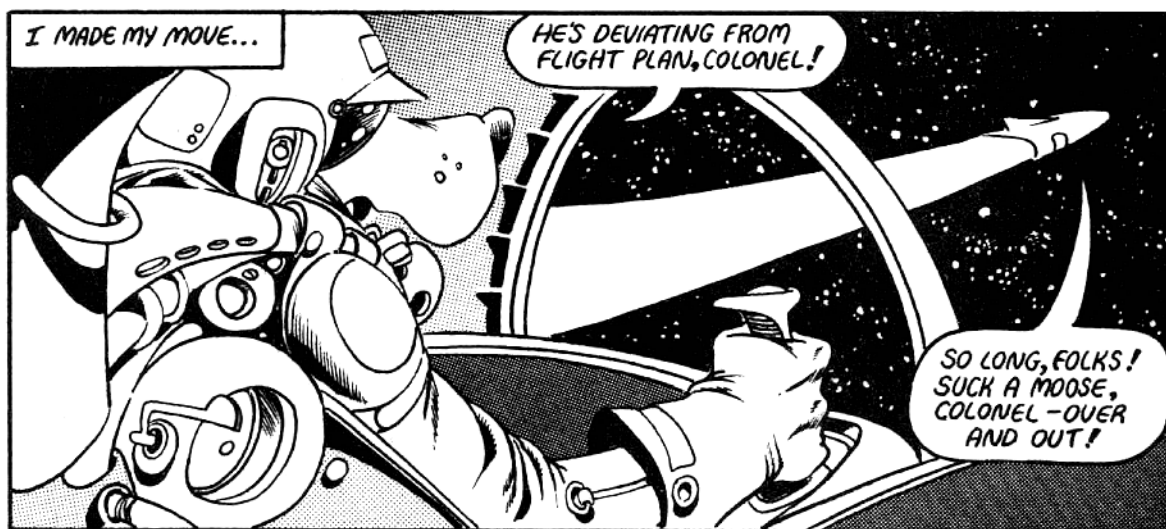
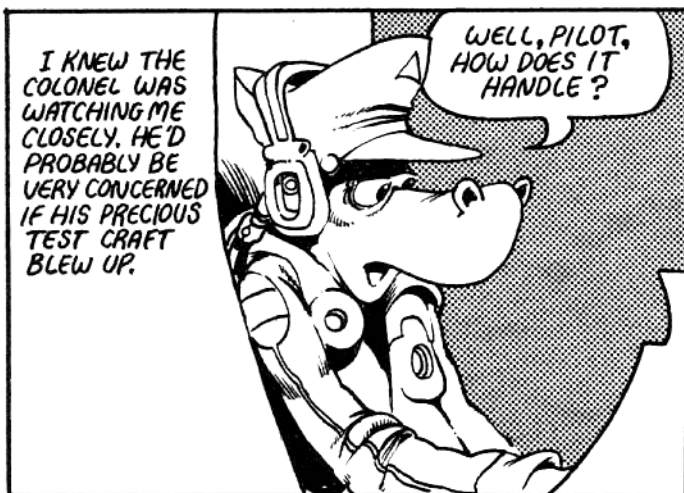


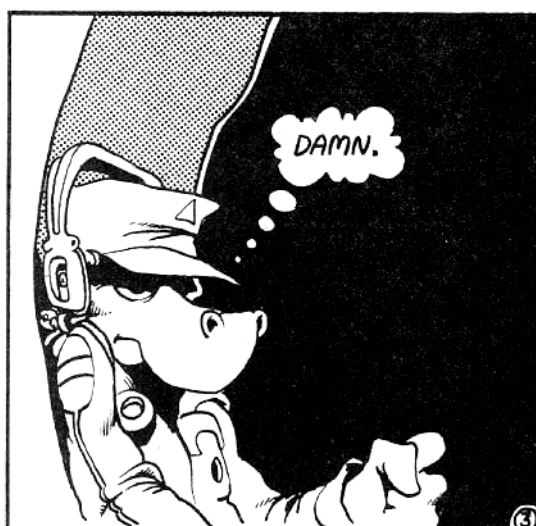
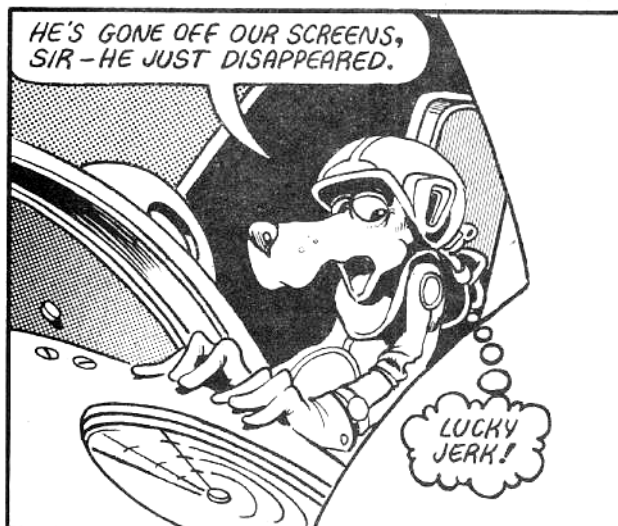
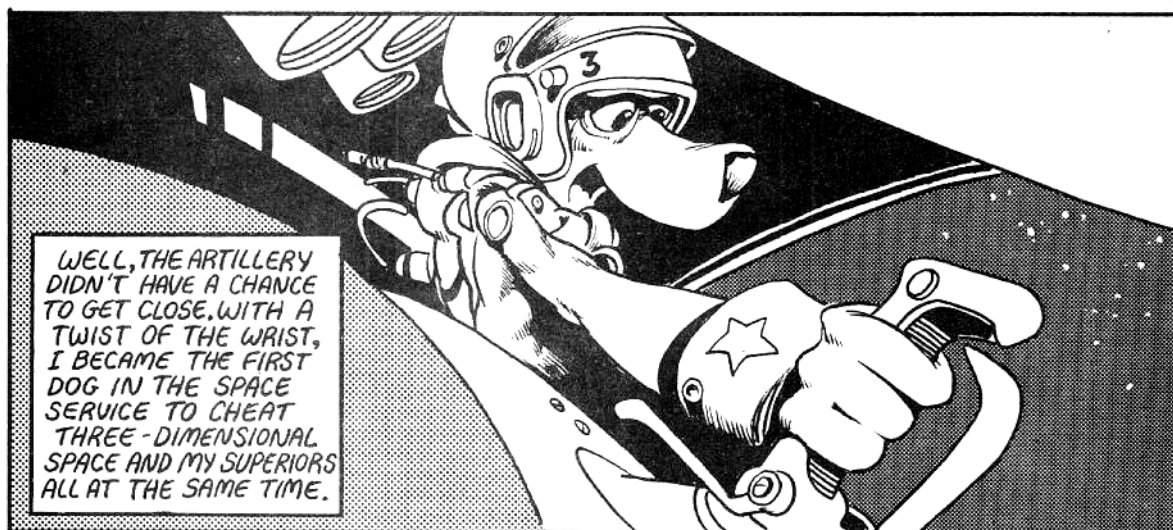
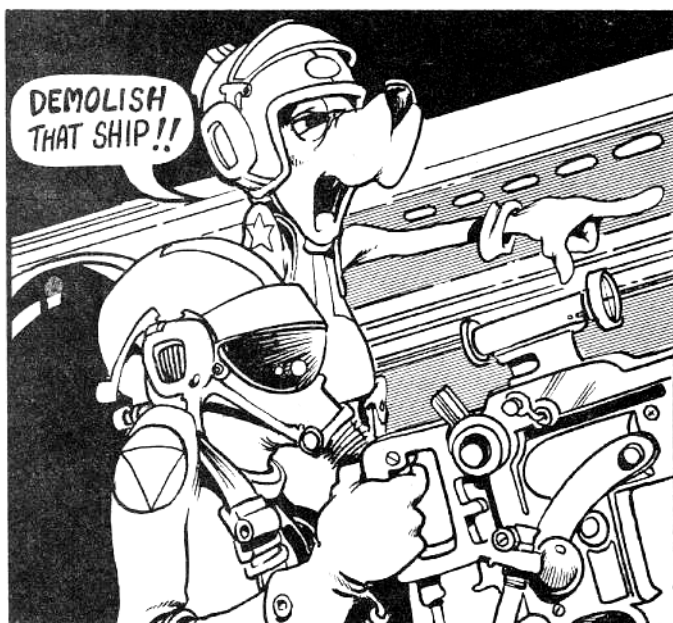
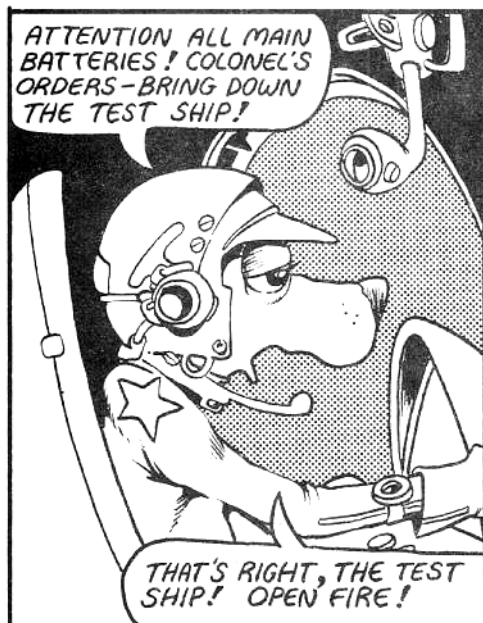
AT LEAST THIS SHIP WAS UNIQUE. IT WAS THE FIRST TO BE MODIFIED TO DEFEY THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF SPACE. YES, THE SPACE WARP WAS NOW A REALITY.

HMMM... I MIGHT NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!

OH, SURE, I'D BEEN ON TEST FLIGHTS BEFORE, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD A SHIP THAT THEY COULDN'T CATCH.





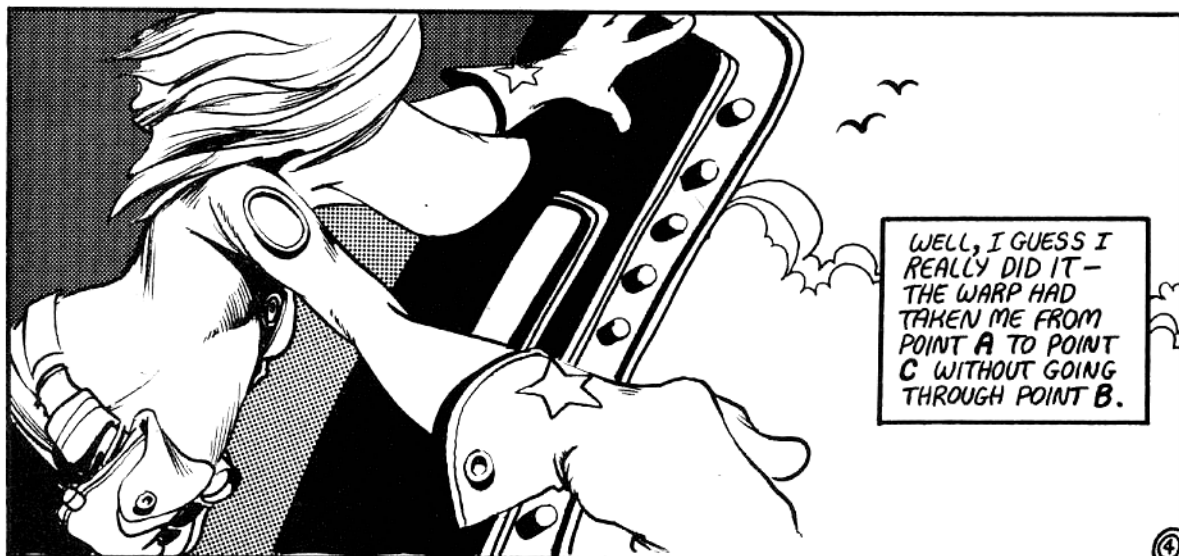
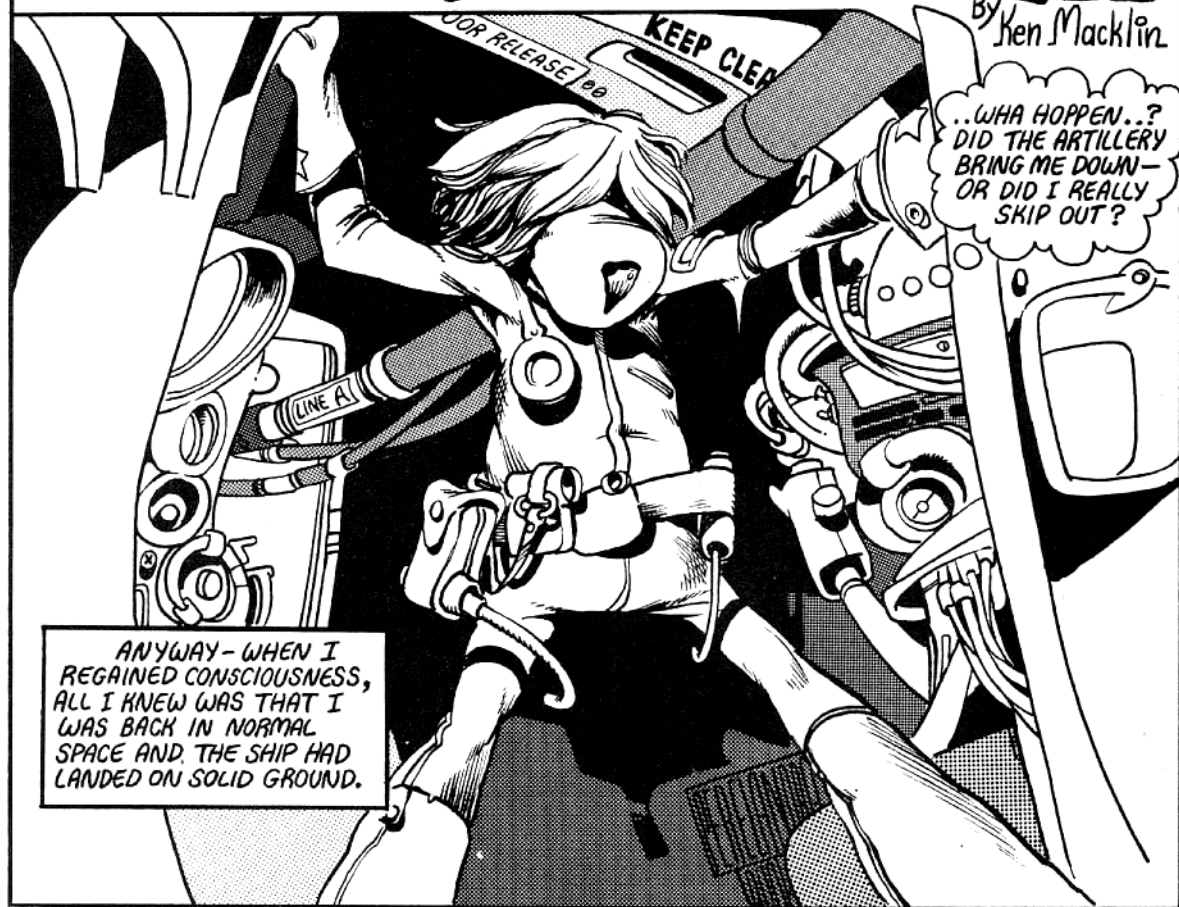


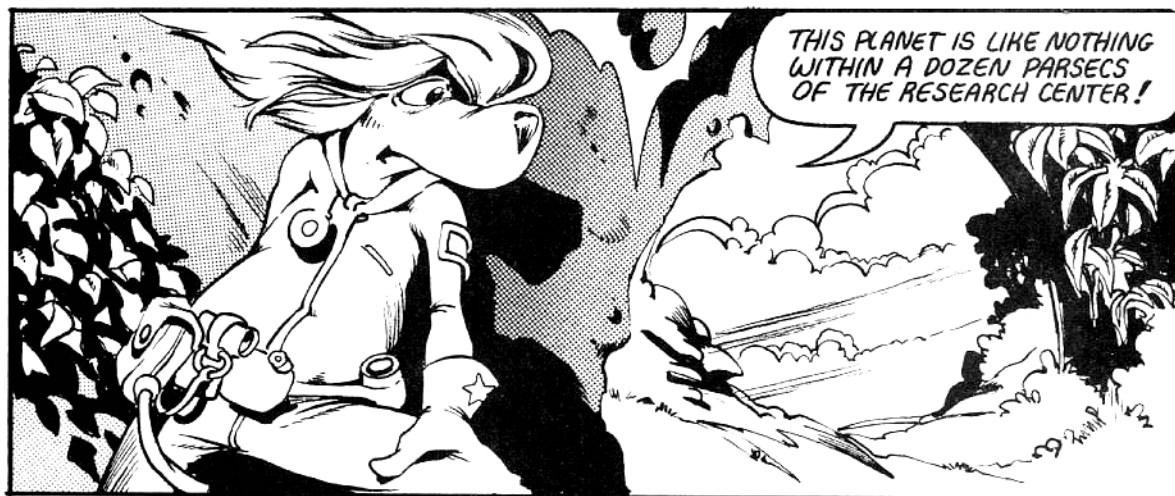


NONE OF THE ENGINEERS  
WERE EXACTLY CERTAIN  
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN  
THE WARP WAS ACTIVATED  
... BUT THAT WAS WHY  
WE HAD RESEARCH CENTERS  
—RIGHT?

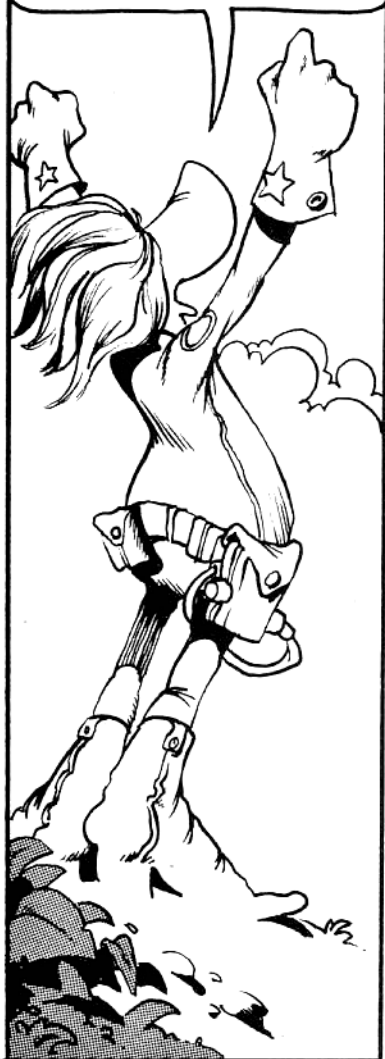
# DESERTER

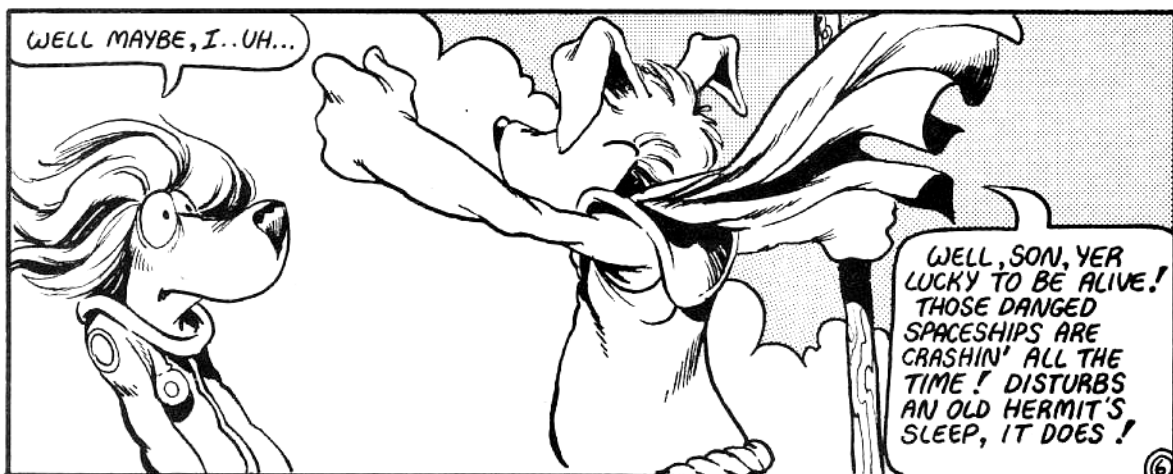
By Ken Macklin



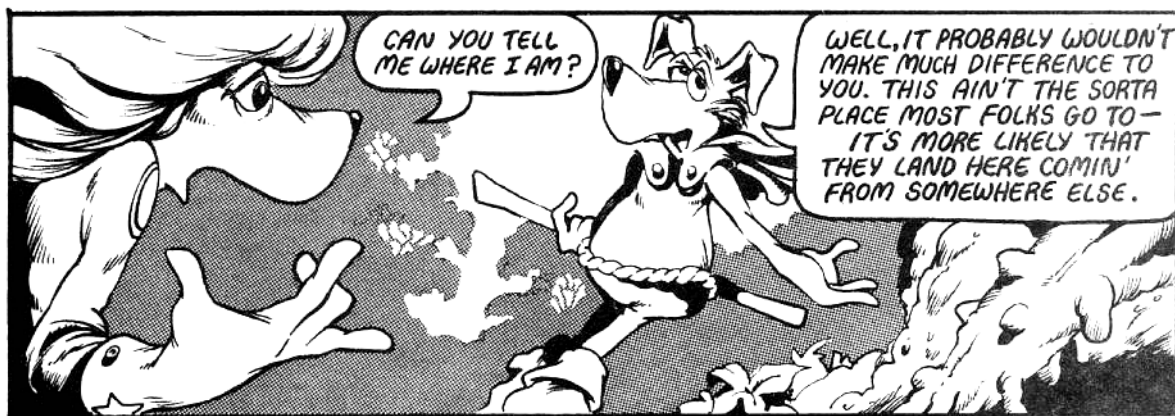


HAH! HAH! I DID IT!  
I REALLY DID IT!! I'M  
FOOTLOOSE AND FREE!  
EXCITING LIFE HERE I COME!









CAN YOU TELL  
ME WHERE I AM?

WELL, IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T  
MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO  
YOU. THIS AIN'T THE SORTA  
PLACE MOST FOLKS GO TO—  
IT'S MORE LIKELY THAT  
THEY LAND HERE COMIN'  
FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE.

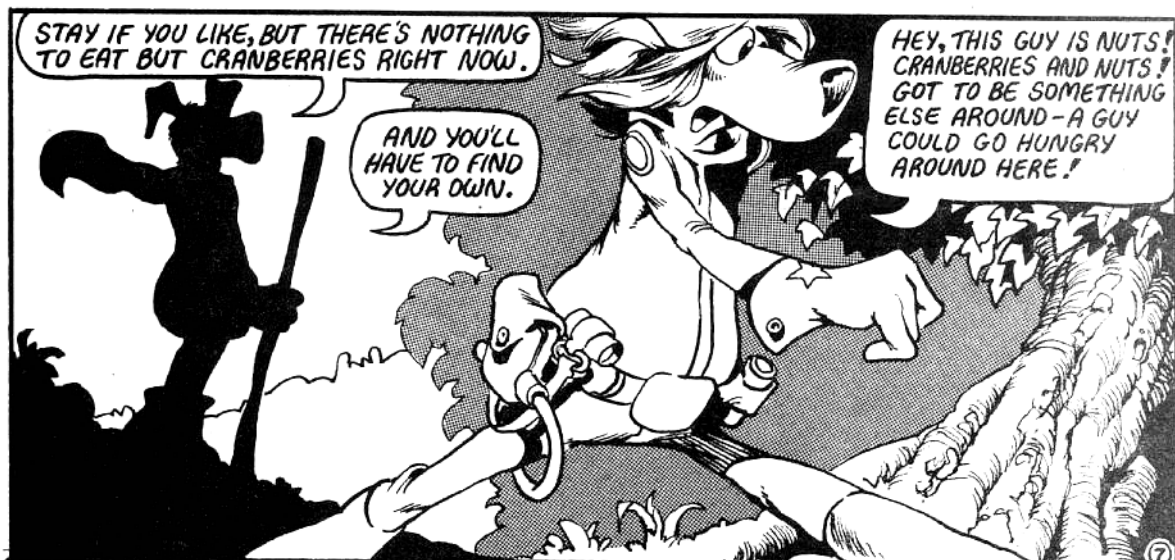


ISN'T THERE ANY CIVILIZATION  
AROUND HERE? YOU KNOW...  
PEOPLE, ACTION... CHILI DOGS...?



YOU ARE A REAL SPACE CADET, AIN'T YA?  
I KNOW THE STORY WELL... YEAH, "JOIN  
THE LEGION AND SEE THE GALAXY!"

WELL, I LOOK UP EVERY NIGHT AND SEE  
LOTS OF GALAXIES AND I GOT NUTHIN'  
TO DO WITH THE LOCAL SCOUT TROOPS!

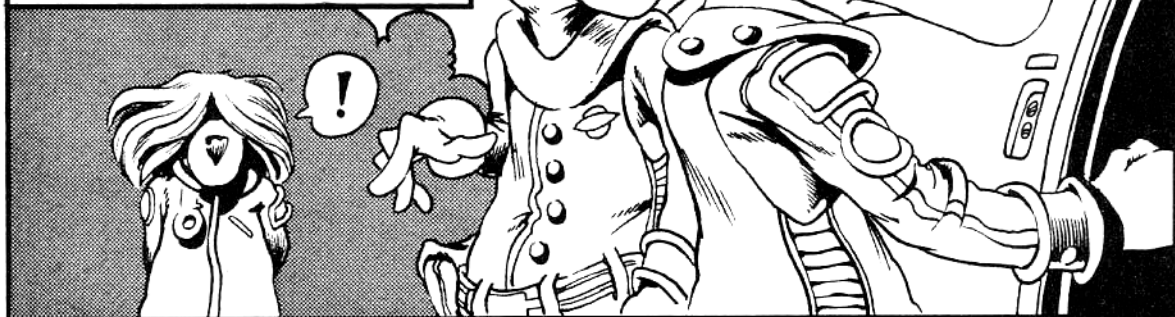


STAY IF YOU LIKE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
TO EAT BUT CRANBERRIES RIGHT NOW.

AND YOU'LL  
HAVE TO FIND  
YOUR OWN.

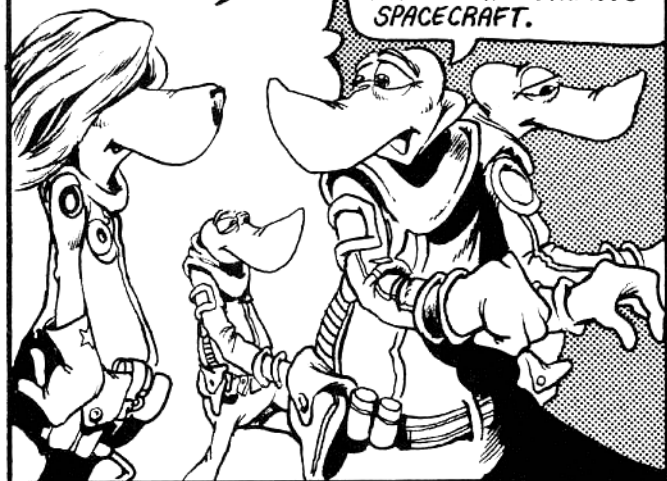
HEY, THIS GUY IS NUTS!  
CRANBERRIES AND NUTS!  
GOT TO BE SOMETHING  
ELSE AROUND—A GUY  
COULD GO HUNGRY  
AROUND HERE!

WHEN I WENT BACK TO THE SHIP,  
I FOUND A GROUP OF STRANGE  
LOOKING CHARACTERS IN MILITARY  
UNIFORMS NOT QUITE LIKE ANYTHING  
I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE. THEY WERE  
REALLY INTERESTED IN MY TEST  
CRAFT. (DID I SAY MINE?)



HI, GUYS! WHAT'S UP?

WE WERE ON MANEUVERS  
WHEN ONE OF THE MEN  
SPOTTED THIS STRANGE  
SPACECRAFT.

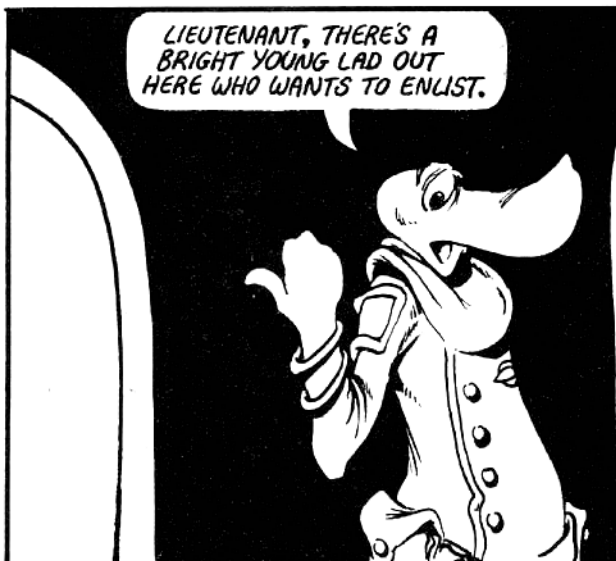


IT'S LIKE NOTHING  
WE'VE EVER SEEN!

REALLY!



LIEUTENANT, THERE'S A  
BRIGHT YOUNG LAD OUT  
HERE WHO WANTS TO ENLIST.



FINE, FINE. ALWAYS  
GLAD TO GET A  
NEW VOLUNTEER!



END

WELCOME ABOARD! AS YOU MAY RECALL, OUR HERO - NEWTON (THE RABBIT WONDER) WAS LAST SEEN "FLOATING" IN OUTER SPACE. WELL, IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE CAME BACK DOWN TO EARTH. BUT, ALAS, HE WAS HOMESICK! AND WHAT RABBIT WOULDN'T BE? HE WAS ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO THE BUNNIES HE LEFT BEHIND. HOWEVER - BEING THE SOFT TOUCH THAT HE IS, NEWTON WAS TALKED INTO BEING ACCOMPANIED BY SHERMAN (THE WONDERING BOY). --- SO, JOIN US NOW AS OUR INTREPID DUO REACH THE END OF THEIR DIMENSIONAL JUMP FROM OUR EARTH IN A STORY WE SHALL CALL

# THE RABBIT WONDER MEETS THE BARBARIAN BUNNY

"IN THE EVER WAGING BATTLE TWIXT ORDER and CHAOS THERE ARE MANY BRAVE and VALIANT WARRIORS and THERE IS ONE WHO IS THOUGHT TO BE --- A GOD ---"

"THE LAST OF A RACE OF KINGS and WARLOCKS - ELRIK, WHOSE NAME IS SPOKEN IN HUSHED TONES OF FEAR and AWE!"

"WITH HIS ENCHANTED SWORD, SOULSUCKER, ELRIK FIGHTS THE NEVER ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE and THE COSMIC WAY!"

--- DOOMSDAY CHRONICLES (\*\*\* FINAL) ---

GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK HOME!

I'M GLAD I CAME WITH YOU, NEWTON. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE--

Story & Art:

STEVE LEIALOHA

AND

ARLAC

ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT

MICHAEL MICROCK





AHA! DIMENSIONAL TRAVELERS  
BEING MENACED BY A MINION OF  
THE DARK ONES! ONCE AGAIN  
I FIND THE NEED TO DRAW  
THIS ACCURSED BLADE!

MMMMMMMM?

BACK, FOUL BEAST!  
AWAY, SPAWN OF HELL!!



THE MIGHTY BEHEMOTH RECOILS FROM  
THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT OF ELRIK *and*  
HIS MIGHTY SWORD...

mmmmmm!

CREATURES OF THE  
DARK CANNOT ABIDE  
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH!  
THE COSMIC TRUTH  
ALWAYS PREVAILS!



BEGONE, MISBEGOTTEN  
MISCREANT!!

STUPID BEAST! ALWAYS  
GETTING OUT OF ITS PEN!  
ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE!

THE GREAT ELRIK HAS  
MORE IMPORTANT THINGS  
TO DO THAN CHASING  
RUNAWAY DINO-PUPS!!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!  
I AM ELRIK! THE LAST OF THE LOST  
RACE OF KINGS, ELRIK THE WARLOCK!  
AND THIS ~ IS MY SWORD ~ MY  
POWER ~ SOULSUCKER!  
TOGETHER WE HOLD THE  
FORCES OF CHAOS AT  
BAY! NEAT, EH?

mmmmmm...

ER~ GLAD TO MEET  
YOU. I'M NEWTON  
*and* THIS IS MY BOY,  
SHERMAN! SAY HELLO,  
SHERMAN...

HELLO.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU  
KNOW WHERE WE ARE...  
YOU SEE, WE'RE LOST...

LOST ~ LOST? IF ONE CAN BE LOST, THEN IT IS I, ELRIK, LAST OF THE COSMIC WORDS, WHO IS THE LOST! CAN ONE WHO BATTLES CHAOS IN THE REALM OF THE DARK GODS THEMSELVES REALLY EXIST IN THOSE CONCEPTS WE KNOW AS TIME & SPACE? THE MULTITUDES OF THE CO-BRISTLING PLANES OF DOWNGRADING CONCEPTS... PLEASE! YES... NO... MAYBE...??... NO...!!...

IS HE FOR REAL?

HUSH, SHERMAN!  
THAT'S ALL VERY NICE, SIR, BUT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD HELP US TO GET BACK HOME--SIR?

HUSH, SHERMAN!  
THAT'S ALL  
VERY NICE, SIR,  
BUT DO YOU  
SUPPOSE YOU  
COULD HELP US  
TO GET BACK  
HOME--SIR?

WHAT?! AM I NOT ELRIK, LAST OF THE COSMIC LORDS? AM I NOT ELRIK THE WARLOCK? AM I NOT —

— YEAH, YEAH. WE KNOW! EASY BOY, CALM DOWN, OL' PAL. WE WAS JUST MAKIN' THE INQUIRY.

IS THAT A YES?!

: I'M SURE GLAD HE'S

IS THAT  
A YES?

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I...

COME!

UPPITY LITTLE CHAP, ISN'T HE?

mmmm...

Page three

mmmm.

UPPITY LITTLE  
CHAP, ISN'T HE?

GUESS WE HAVE  
NO CHOICE BUT  
TO TRUST HIM, eh,  
NEWTON?

DON'T WORRY, SHERMAN,  
I THINK MR. COSMIC WILL  
GET US OUT OF THIS!

LIKE HELL, I DO!

LIKE HELL, I DO!

page  
three.

MASTER, MASTER!  
BAD NEWS CAME TODAY -  
THE WIZARD CAME BY  
AND TOOK HER AWAY!

STEADY YOURSELF,  
GOODFELLOW! - TOOK  
WHO AWAY?

THANOTINA!

TOOK HER AWAY? WITH FORCE?  
YOU MEAN HE CAME TO MY HOME,  
MY CASTLE, AND DARED TO  
ABDUCT MY FAIR LADY, THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
THANOTINA!!?

YUP! SO WHAT'LL  
WE DO, HUH, BOSS?

COULD YOU HOLD THIS  
A SECOND?

SURE, I ---

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING? WHAT ABOUT  
US?!

CLAM IT, CLOWN.

I DEMAND TO  
KNOW WHERE  
WE'RE GOING

OK, OK! THE  
WIZARD'S  
DIES--  
DEATH  
CASTLE!

OH?  
I'M SORRY  
I ASKED!

OOOOOH, IS HE  
GONNA GET IT--

SUDDENLY--

BACK NOBLE  
COMPANIONS!  
THE WIZARD  
BEGINS THE  
ASSAULT!

IT'S BEEN  
"WELL-  
KNOWIN'  
YA, BOSS.

MMMMMMMMMMMM???

FEAR NOT, FAITHLESS  
ONE! SEE HOW THE  
DEMONS RETURN  
FROM WHENCE  
THEY CAME...

THE WIZARD IS MERELY TESTING  
HIS NEWLY MISBEGOTTEN  
POWERS... USURPED FROM MY  
BELOVED, THANOTINA...



SO, AS THE MINUTES DRAG INTO WHAT SEEM LIKE MINUTES, THE TREK IS ENDED...

BEHOLD!  
DEATH  
CASTLE!

THAT?  
YOU MUST  
BE JOKING!

ELRIK NEVER JOKES!

SO I GATHERED

Well, NOBODY HOME.  
LET'S GO...

SO! THE CURRENTS  
OF MAGIC SURROUND  
US! THIS IS TRULY A  
PLACE WHERE THE  
FORCES OF EVIL THRIVE.

HEAR ME, WIZARD!  
END THIS FOLLY AND  
RELEASE THANOTINA!  
YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME!

ELRIK  
COMMANDS!

YEAH! SAME GOES  
FOR ME!

MMMMMMMMMM!



AT THE BASE OF THE COLUMN BEGINS THE HURCULEAN TASK...

YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS GONNA WORK? WON'T SHE GET HURT?

IT AIN'T LIKELY! SHE'S NO ORDINARY LADY, NOW SHUT-UP AND PUSH!

AWAY FROM THERE, FOOLISH MORTALS!

ONE MYSTIC BLAST WILL~  
What's this?!

THOSE TWO!  
THEY ARE NOT AFFECTED!

THE COLUMN BEGINS TO SWAY...

HARDER, SHERMAN!  
IT--IT'S GOING!

WITH A THUNDERING CRASH THE COLUMN TOPPLES, WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE BEAUTIFUL *Thamotina* IS NOW THE EMBODIMENT OF THE FORCES OF 'AOS! WITH A PIERCING SHREEK SHE IS FREE—

YOUR MAD SCHEMES OF CONQUEST ARE FINISHED, EVIL MAGE!

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY!!

FOUL MOCKERY OF A MAN! I WILL SEND YOUR SOUL TO THE PITS OF HELL FOR ALL ETERNITY!!

ISN'T SHE WONDERFUL?!

NO!





SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



A new  
genre...

The  
unique  
synthesis  
of  
underground  
and  
overground...

# GROUND LEVEL COMICS



STAR\*REACH #1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8  
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #1-2-3  
QUACK #1-2-3

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